

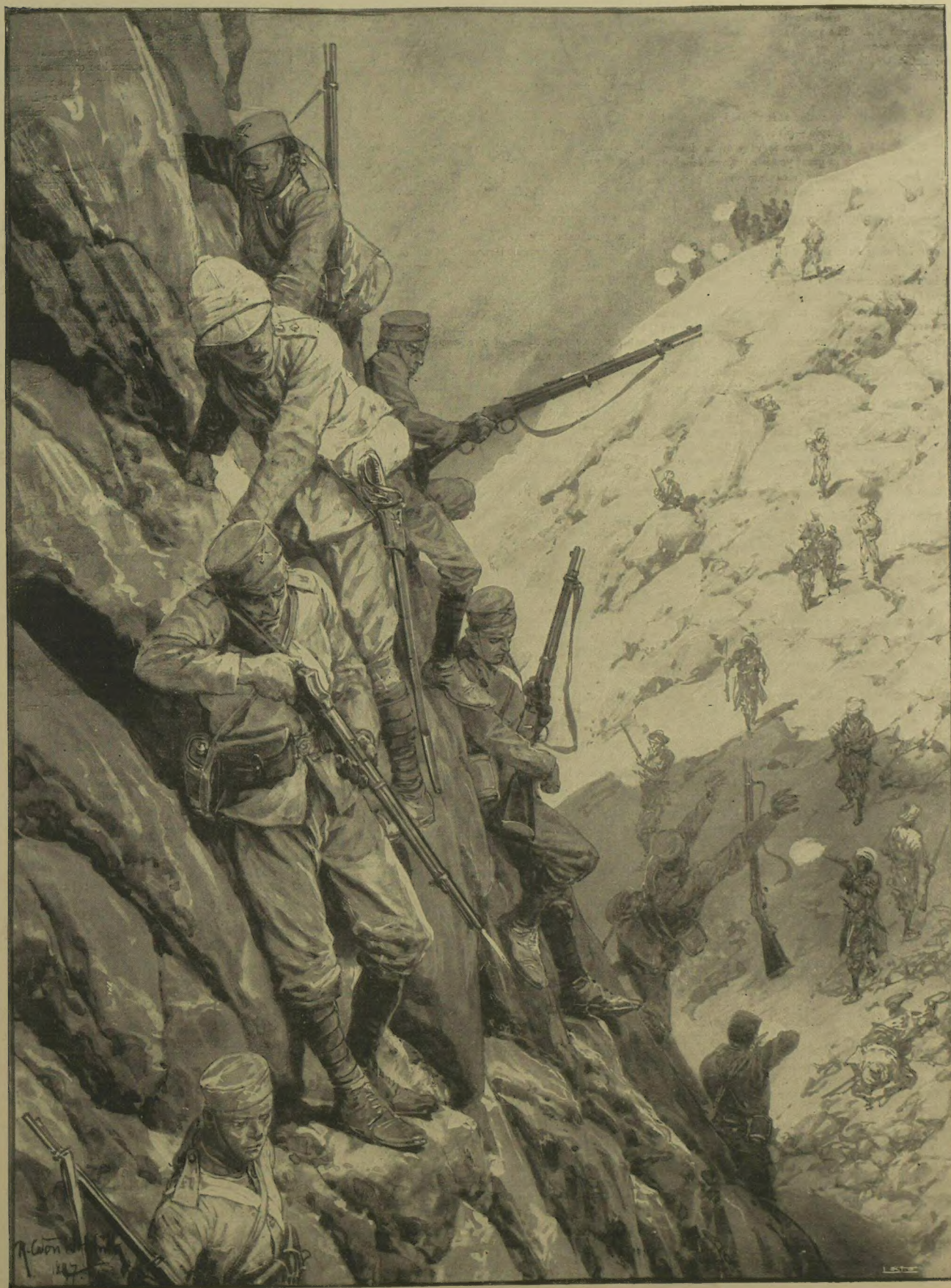
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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: GURKHAS DESCENDING A PASS IN THE UPPER MOHMAND COUNTRY UNDER FIRE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some years ago a Chancellor of the Exchequer commented on the decrease of "conscience money" paid for income-tax. It is one of those things which one hardly knows whether he ought to have been congratulated upon or not. The sums might have got smaller through people becoming more honest, or less so; upon the whole, he would probably have preferred them to increase; it was a source of revenue, at all events, and a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. The sum remitted "for conscience' sake" in the last year's accounts was only £659; but we must hope for the best. A friend of mine, who makes a very tolerable income by—it would be a breach of confidence to say what—but always lives in lodgings, tells me that people in lodgings do not pay income-tax, because they are never asked for it. I wonder whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer knows that. The system of taking the average of a three-years' income is, no doubt, more convenient to the State; but it is extremely inconvenient to persons with a decreasing income; they are paying, in fact, on what they have not received.

As a general rule, in the matter of income, I am afraid people—especially rich people—give themselves "the benefit of the doubt" where there is very little doubt. I once inquired of a person in great prosperity (commercial) whether he found any difficulty (meaning official annoyance) about his income-tax. "Not a bit," he said; "they 'put me up,' of course." "But don't you appeal?" "Certainly not." "But don't they 'put you up' again next year?" "Naturally; they have done it for these twenty years, but they have not got to the right figure yet." Not a few persons, in order to get a business reputation for being in good circumstances (a very small compliment, by-the-bye, to the honour of the Commissioners, who are supposed to be sworn to silence), and even some from mere vanity, represent their income to the tax-collector as larger than it is. A well-known singer, many years ago, in the pride of his heart, greatly exaggerated his own assessment. "The fact is," he confessed to the Commissioners, "I have not a thousand pence of certain income." "But are you not stage-manager to the opera-house?" "Yes, but there is no salary attached to it." "But you teach?" "Yes, but I have no pupils." "Then you are a concert singer." "True, but I have no engagements." "At all events, you have a very good salary at Drury Lane." "A very good one, but then it's never paid." Under these circumstances the tax was remitted.

The income-tax is, no doubt, an especially offensive one, because it is inquisitorial, and, above all, because it makes the breadwinner pay as much as the moneyed man. But all taxes have been unpopular in all ages, and not the least those which used to be called "Benevolences." On one occasion only it is recorded that one of these was freely paid. Edward IV. had a habit of calling his wealthy subjects together and asking them pleasantly what they meant to give him for the maintenance of his wars. He was exceedingly handsome, and this so won upon a widow of good estate that she exclaimed, "By my faith, for your lovely countenance' sake you shall have twenty pounds." This was so much more than he expected that the King kissed her. Whereupon she gave him twenty pounds more. I wonder this example has not been copied by our later Kings who have been well favoured. Another instance of royal tax-collecting—not so nice—is told of a King of Portugal. Owing to the great want of sewers in Lisbon before the earthquake of 1755, a regular trade had sprung up, carried on by negroes scavengers. They earned in this way much money for their masters, and the King imposed a tax on them of a third of their earnings. Upon this they decided to pay the tax in kind, and carried every third basket to the Palace door and left it there. The tax was hastily repealed.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Ireland has been, from every point of view, a matter of congratulation; but how little of the wit attributed to the Irish is recorded! Planché always contended that they have very little, and that for quickness of repartee a London hansom cabman surpasses a Dublin car-driver. Perhaps it has emigrated to America. Certainly during the visit of George IV. to the Emerald Isle there were, Moore tells us, many more good things said (though, to be sure, he was quite capable of inventing them). "One of our 'pisintry,' delighted with his Majesty's affability, said to the toll-keeper, as the King passed through, 'Och, now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike! An' how's that?' 'Oh, Kings never does: we lets 'em go free!' was the answer. 'Then there's the dirty money for ye,' says Pat. 'It shall never be said that the King came here and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him.' Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. 'Now, Mr. Moore,' replied Scott, 'there ye have just the advantage of us. There was no want of enthusiasm here: the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his Majesty but—pay the turnpike.'"

It would probably annoy the Apostles of Science to suggest that their discoveries are sometimes a little behindhand;

but in the case of the Section of Psychology at the British Medical Association at Montreal this certainly appears to be the case. It was stated as though it were a novelty that it has been found that few of us before the age of fifteen attain the "human moral sense." Students of human nature have long ago discovered this, though they have placed it a little later. It was added, however, what is new indeed, and, if true, is a matter for serious and sorrowful reflection, that this moral sense is "incongenitally absent" in four per cent. of us. Strangely enough, these savans place the "years of discretion" four or five years earlier than the law does; one would be induced rather to call them the years of indiscretion. We "learn to be ashamed of ourselves," it seems, when we are fifteen months old (it is a pity this does not last!); while at three years old "we attain self-consciousness" (which, unhappily, does last).

During a festive function of the Fire Brigade in a provincial town the other day, the head waiter of the inn in which it was held took a responsibility upon himself which has not pleased everybody; yet his object was to please. News arrived that a fire had broken out in the town, and it was clearly his duty to inform the company of that which so nearly concerned them. On the other hand, they were listening to a comic song, and he was loth to disturb (what might well be called, for it was of unusual length) "the harmony of the evening." He decided upon letting the song go on and the fire burn itself out. If it was an error he had a sort of professional excuse for it; and the same thing may be said of other callings. How often does one see a doctor, "called out" from a dinner-party to what seems to laymen an urgent case, take the matter with a philosophic calm that lasts over several courses! One charitably hopes either that it is a preconceived advertisement (as in the case of Mr. Benjamin Saunders), or that he knows his patient, who is crying "Wolf" when there is no wolf. Among Dean Ramsay's stories there is a ghastly one (which I soften in quotation) of a drinking bout, where the host suddenly observes one of the company is looking very queer. "It is small blame to him," explains another reveller; "I did not like to disturb the harmony of the evening, but he has been dead these two hours."

One gets tired of the oyster, though certainly not from having too much of him. What we are sick of is the smooth prophecies regarding his cheapness and plenty, which have been uttered for half a century in this country and are never realised. Of course there are cheap oysters, and plenty of them, but they are not "natives." I don't mean to say they are bad oysters, because a bad oyster is the most filthy thing that passes human lips—except castor oil, and those who have once tasted it neither forgive nor forget—but they are not good oysters. I have not seen a really good oyster costing less than threepence apiece for years: this is "eating gold," though it is only coppers, as regards persons of moderate income. I am old enough to remember when they were but a shilling a dozen. Then something went wrong with them. Frank Buckland ascribed it to their not having a close time, and promised that all would be well with them (and us) in a year or two. I knew him well, and always believed he was a man of his word till he made that unfortunate prediction. They became dearer and dearer, till they could only be indulged in by millionaires, with whom, one was glad to believe, at one time they seriously disagreed. This, it is now understood, was only one of those doctors' scares which have become so common; but, at all events, it did not make "natives" cheap. And now we are told that "in five or six years" they will become plentiful. The prophecy is probably false, like so many of its predecessors, but if otherwise, the benefit will be too long delayed for a good many gentlemen of taste. "I long to see a flower so before the day I die," was the aspiration of the Queen of the May. Flowers are all very well in their way, but, except by very immature and sentimental persons, they are not to be compared with native oysters.

It has been always said that to eat fish was to encourage intellectuality. It was Mark Twain, I think, who being asked by a dull fellow whether this was true, and for his advice as to diet, replied, "Well, in your case, I should recommend whales." Humorists are intelligent persons, but they should not be consulted about diet. Moreover, it now appears from a report of the Smithsonian Institution that fish (including whales) have scarcely any brains. How then can they give to others what they have not got themselves?

While crime is reported to be on the decrease, it is pleasant to note that the manners of those who still pursue a criminal calling are improving. Burglars, in particular, are acquiring quite a fine polish, such as we are accustomed to associate with Claude Duval and the old chivalry of the road. While robbing an elderly couple the other day with great skill and completeness, three of them showed—or, at least, one of them ("the milder of the three ruffians," as the nursery tales described his prototypes) did—great tenderness and consideration. When the poor lady asked to have her gold watch back, because it had been a pledge of affection, he persuaded his companions to give it her, for which, let us hope, he will be

remembered when he comes before the judge, as he is pretty certain to do. In another case, an old soldier's house was robbed, and his service-medals taken along with other property. The next day the medals were returned by post, with a note to say that they would never have been carried off had they not been mistaken for coins. It was added, indeed, that their restorer could only get four shillings and sixpence each for them, which shows a little want of delicacy of expression; but you can't expect everything—of a burglar. The profession, however, is growing unmistakably more genial; they now almost always take refreshment ("to show there is no bad feeling") before leaving the houses they have been robbing, and generally leave a written communication acknowledging the hospitality they have met with and praising the viands. The other day a burglar found an iron shutter quite unexpectedly opposing his ingress. Instead of being angry at being thus shut out and deprived of his plunder, he pencilled a short note congratulating the proprietor of the premises upon his security. The owners of burgled houses have not been behindhand in expressing their sense of the consideration shown to them. The medalled warrior even invited his midnight visitor to come again as a guest. These things are surely very hopeful, as indicative of a certain cordiality between two classes—the robbers and the robbed—with whom one can hardly expect a complete agreement.

A voice "soft, gentle, and low," we are told on good authority, is an excellent thing in woman; and at the same time, as deaf people will testify, it is easily heard. In both sexes it is the index of a conciliatory disposition. There are, however, exceptions, and sometimes where one would be the least likely to look for them. A witness at a recent trial in the United States, called on to identify a burglar the other day by his voice, establishes this fact. He had met the man burghing his house in the dark, and described his voice as "a very interesting, pleasant, smooth, and gentle" one. The utterance to which he applied these epithets was afterwards proved to be, "Keep still, d—n you! You're a dead man, if you move—I'll blow your head off!" This beats Mr. Chucks the boatswain, who confined the gentleness of his address (to the waiter) to the exordium, and afterwards suited his tone to the matter. "Permit me to observe, in the most delicate way in the world, that you are a d—d napkin-carrying, trencher-scraping, shilling-seeking, up-and-down-stairs son of a dog!"

The doctors are really getting quite reasonable, even the specialists. One of them has recently been interviewed—how odd it must have seemed to him not to look at his visitor's tongue, and, especially, not to have that round little enclosure which we all dislike to part with pressed upon his attention!—and he has honestly confessed that all constitutions are not the same, nor anything like it, and what would be death to one is harmless to another. This is, of course, only another version of the old proverb "What is one man's meat is another man's poison"; but how completely of late years has it been ignored! The Anti-everythingarians have had matters their own way, and half persuaded even sensible people that everything pleasant was pernicious. "A great deal of nonsense," says the specialist, "has been written about smoking. Of course, excessive smoking is bad for everybody, but whenever a patient of mine, who is a great lover of tobacco, leaves it off, I know that he is very bad, and I always regard it as a good sign when he resumes his pipe." That it is so is, of course, well known to every smoker. But how seldom do we get "the Faculty" to acknowledge it! What is more novel is his statement, founded on personal knowledge, that "some women can smoke quite a large amount of tobacco without being upset by it." They can also "stand alcohol quite as well as men." The greatest amount he ever knew a woman to take in twenty-four hours was three bottles of whisky; this "very nearly finished" the lady, but "did not prevent her indulging freely for many years after." The specialist's advice is "Avoid all excess"; but he "condemns nothing in moderation." It is seldom one gets a breath of fresh air from the consulting-room, but here we have it.

Suicide is so greatly on the increase that it is no wonder that in some instances it takes the strangest and most unexpected form. Such out-of-the-way exits from the world have for certain morbid minds a peculiar attraction. A young German has shot himself on the very verge of the crater of Vesuvius. It is probable that he intended, after the example of Empedocles on Etna (not many miles away), to throw himself into the crater. He only lay down in a place where he calculated the stream of lava would bury him for ever, but as it happened, this deflected, and left his body untouched. If he wished to effect an inexplicable disappearance, he was disappointed. This choosing a mountain for the last scene of existence was paralleled by the student mentioned by De Quincey, who, to avoid a commercial life which his friends had mapped out for him, poisoned himself upon the summit of Blencathra (Saddleback). He was found with his head "pillowed" upon a heap of classical works, an expression which seems rather uncomplimentary to their authors.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The military operations against the different hostile confederations of mountaineer tribes—the Mohmands beyond the hills north of Peshawar, and the Afridis and Orakzais along the Samana Range, to the south-west of that frontier town at the extreme north-western corner of the Punjab—are to be carefully distinguished. The Khyber Pass, where the conflict with the Afridis were recently begun with their attack on all the forts between Jamrud and Lundi Kotal, extends nearly due west towards Kabul. With the Kotal, which has a roughly parallel direction, it lies between Kafiristan and Bajaur, and the region inhabited by the Mohmands, to the north, and the highlands of Samana, where the Orakzais are the prevailing native race. But there can be no doubt that there is a combination against the British Indian Empire on the part of all these Mohammedan tribes, both those to the north and those in the neighbourhood of the western passes, the Khyber, the Kohat, and, farther south, in all the hill countries bordering on the Punjab which are not under the direct control of the Ameer of Afghanistan.

To render more intelligible an account of what has taken place during the past week, it will be needful separately to notice, first, the proceedings of General Sir Bindon Blood and Major-General Elles, in the Mohmand country, advancing from opposite points to meet and form a junction of their respective columns at Nawagai, for decisive further action in Bajaur; and, secondly, those of Major-General Yeatman Biggs, commanding the brigades sent to the relief of the forts and garrisons of the Samana hill range, from Hangu towards Kurram. These include the Gulistan or Fort Cavagnari post; Saragari, which was captured by the enemy and its few Sikh defenders all killed after a brave defence; and Sangar, perched on a ridge over 6000 ft. high. The enemy there had assembled in the Khanki Valley, to the north of this line of posts along the Samana Range.

In the Mohmand campaign, which is, for the force under Sir Bindon Blood's immediate command, a sequel to their late punishing expedition against the Swat Valley people for their attack on the camps at Malakand and Chakdara, a conflict fought on Thursday last week had not a very satisfactory result. It seems that General Jeffreys, with a brigade comprising fifteen companies of infantry, 11th Bengal Lancers, sappers, and mountain artillery, was sent forward by Sir Bindon Blood from Markarai to Inayat Ali, and then advanced to Damodata, in Bajaur. At the foot of the Rambat Pass he encountered a powerful hostile force, with which his troops, the 35th Sikhs, the English regiment of Buffs, the Punjab Guides, and the 1st Gurkhas, were engaged several hours. They were obliged to retire, with three English officers and thirty soldiers killed and seventy or eighty wounded, one being General Jeffreys himself; but the enemy's loss was much greater. Another fight on Saturday, at Damodata, was more successful. In the meantime, the main column of Sir Bindon Blood had advanced to Nawagai without opposition. It has since been joined by General Westmacott's brigade of the division commanded by General Elles from the south, where the Lower Mohmands had readily submitted, agreeing to pay a fine and to give up their rifles. General Westmacott's rapid march over the Nahaki Pass, with the making of a road for transport camels to Gandab by the Sappers and Bombay Pioneers, is highly commended. We read of a tribe called the "Mamunds," in Bajaur, not precisely identical with the "Mohmands" or general population of the country west of the Panjkora and the Swat Valley. The Mamunds were the tribe which inflicted a temporary check on General Jeffreys' advanced brigade in the Rambat Pass and at Damodata. The latest news, published on Wednesday, is that Sir Bindon Blood's camp at Lakera was suddenly attacked on Monday night by the fanatical preaching warrior Hadda Mullah, with five thousand armed tribesmen. They fought during five hours, but were repulsed; the loss on the British side was one man killed and fourteen wounded. On Tuesday morning Sir Bindon Blood's force was joined by that of General Elles.

On the Samana hill range, to the south-west, General Yeatman Biggs, after relieving Fort Lockhart on Sept. 14, and recapturing Saragari, where his artillery soon dispersed a force numbering several thousands of Afridis or Orakzais, pushed forward to Gulistan. He got there just in time, finding the enemy in great force around Fort Cavagnari. He opened artillery fire upon them at long range, and drove them away to the north-west, towards the Khanki Valley. Pursuit thither was not able to overtake them; and, having strengthened the garrison of the fort with the 2nd Bengal Infantry and two guns, the General returned to Fort Lockhart. Additional troops and supplies have been sent up to Hangu. In the Khyber Pass, eighty-one of the former garrison of Lundi Kotal have come down to Jamrud, bringing in their rifles. There will probably be some more fighting in the Khanki Valley, and in Tirah, before the revolted tribes will submit. But, alike in that quarter, and among the Mohmands in Bajaur, and along the Khyber and Kohat Passes, the greatly superior power of the British Indian Government will speedily prevail. General Sir W. Lockhart, appointed Commander-in-Chief in India, is expected to have arrived on his return from Europe.

THE YOUNG DUTCH QUEEN.

The Queen Regent of the Netherlands, with her daughter Queen Wilhelmina, opened the session of the Chambers at the Hague on Sept. 21, and said that she hoped in September next year, Queen Wilhelmina, who will then be eighteen years of age, will have commenced her reign. That will be an occasion perhaps the more likely to be interesting to the English people, since we have so recently commemorated the accession of our own Queen Victoria to the throne at the same age. We cannot but sympathise with the excellent mother of young Wilhelmina, a Princess of the German House of Waldeck-Pyrmont, and sister of the Duchess of Albany, in her naturally pleasing anticipations of the illustrious and happy future career, as we earnestly hope it will prove, of one whose position among the royalties of Europe is almost unique, being the last surviving bond that unites the comparatively small Dutch nation, "great only in renown," to the famous and truly noble ancient House of Nassau, in past times the valiant and consistent champions of political and religious freedom—both against Philip II. of Spain and against Louis XIV. of France—and closely allied in both contests with England. These historic memories should be all the more cherished by the subjects of Queen Victoria, inasmuch as she and her numerous offspring are the direct lineal descendants of the first William, Prince of Orange, frequently called "William

A RAMBLE IN EAST ANGLIA.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have lived long in delightful East Anglia among the cheery and most courteous peasantry in the world. They never forget a favour or a kindness. They are for the most part fresh, fair, Scandinavian-born men and women, and no one has ever walked as I have done hundreds of miles night and day in the Norfolk and Suffolk lanes without hearing someone giving you "Good night" or "Good morning." "Good night, Sir," I have heard scores of times in the dim twilight in the old days leaning over my favourite gate at the Mill House among the late roses and the evening primroses. Never have I started on a pilgrimage with my old friend "Shanks's Mare" without a hearty "Good morning" from many a cottage door. It is an old fashion, but a pleasant one. And it strikes the tired Londoner with surprise, the Londoner, I mean, who has just been emancipated from the modern manners of the underground railway train, the tramcar, and the 'bus. I don't care whose fault it is, the man's fault or the woman's. Maybe a little bit of both. But it is a treat to have courtesy, civility, and charm mixed up with your asters, sunflowers, and blackberry puddings. But there is one thing that the East Anglian dreads with a superstitious horror, and that is what they call "going down cliff." They scamper bare-footed down cliff when they are babies, but they don't care to sink "down cliff" when they are dead. Long before I discovered the "Garden of Sleep" in Sidestrand, the simple villagers, dreading this descent from the crumbling of the red earth undermined by springs, removed their church inland and buried their dead some quarter of a mile away. But the old church might have stood to this day, and if I had been allowed to trim, decorate, adorn the "graves of dear women asleep" as I wanted to do, we might have had a paradise of poppies on that sea-kissed cliff instead of a neglected ruin. Dunwich, often mistaken for the Garden of Sleep, has never gone "down cliff," nor scores of other places on the Norfolk and Suffolk coasts that I could mention.

Recently there came a rumour that lovely and lazy Lowestoft had gone "down cliff." Alarming reports were spread that villas had been wrecked and ideal hotel gardens had been swept bodily into the sea. I knew my Lowestoft pretty well, and had spent many a dreamy hour in one of these hotel cliff gardens; so I went down to see what damage the sea had done. Literally nothing at all. The sea certainly did play some pranks one night, and wrecked a cliff-path; but not nearly so much havoc was done as to the Martello and Windmill tower end of Aldeburgh, where the village by the sea looks as if it had resisted the cannonading attack of a great army. A few hundred pounds made the Lowestoft cliffs, hotel garden, villas, and all, even safer than they were before. Science was called in to assist the repair of Nature, and she did it materially. So, to my surprise, in the very cliff garden which I was told was chaos I found an elderly gentleman playing at bowls, young girls and governesses endeavouring to revive the game of croquet, and in one or other of the gardens tired judges, barristers, solicitors, and journalists sitting in solemn silence, looking across the sea and literally eating the air. "Look at that gentleman in the corner," observed my guide and counsellor. "When he came down here a week ago he planted himself in that chair and in that corner, and he has never moved from it for one instant except to eat or sleep. He does not read, he does not talk. There he sits from morning until night in what he calls his 'air bath.'" And you can do it, trust me, at Lowestoft, where the salt of the air is sweetened with roses and sweet peas and sweet briar and lemon-scented thyme in the garden.

There is no danger of Yarmouth going "down cliff," for this bike-ground of Cockneydom is built on the flat. She prides herself on her space, freedom, and absence of conventionality. There is no stick-up pride about Yarmouth. Those who love her best revel in her yellow sands, bask in her seaside gardens, which are as pretty as those at Westgate herself; dance until they are tired on the piers, and eat more oysters, cockles, whelks, and periwinkles than are consumed at any other seaside places, Margate and Southend included. And because Yarmouth has not piers enough, she has built unto herself, not a wheel or an umbrella, but a tower, to the top of which visitors ascend, and often stick, to the huge delight of the cynics on the sands, who can see just as much for nothing. I cannot say that Yarmouth's new look-out or tower, with its roundabout passage, which from below suggests hungry animals in a cage, is of very striking architectural beauty. It is at least as ugly as the Eiffel Parisian Tower and the Earl's Court and Chicago Wheels. But then your engineer scorns beauty, and Yarmouth wants a lark and something to do. Theatres and music-halls abound. There are concerts on the sands, and very good concerts too. But the lover of architecture and old-world buildings need not despair when visiting poor old Yarmouth. Her churches are magnificent, her "rows" are as original as anything I have seen outside Canton, which, to my mind, is one of the most marvellous cities in the world. And if you can come with me some day to the old market, I could show you not only fruit and flowers, flesh and fish, but a collection of rare old china. I secured, the other day, some old Toby jugs and a Staffordshire teapot that would make a collector envious. Don't despise Yarmouth.



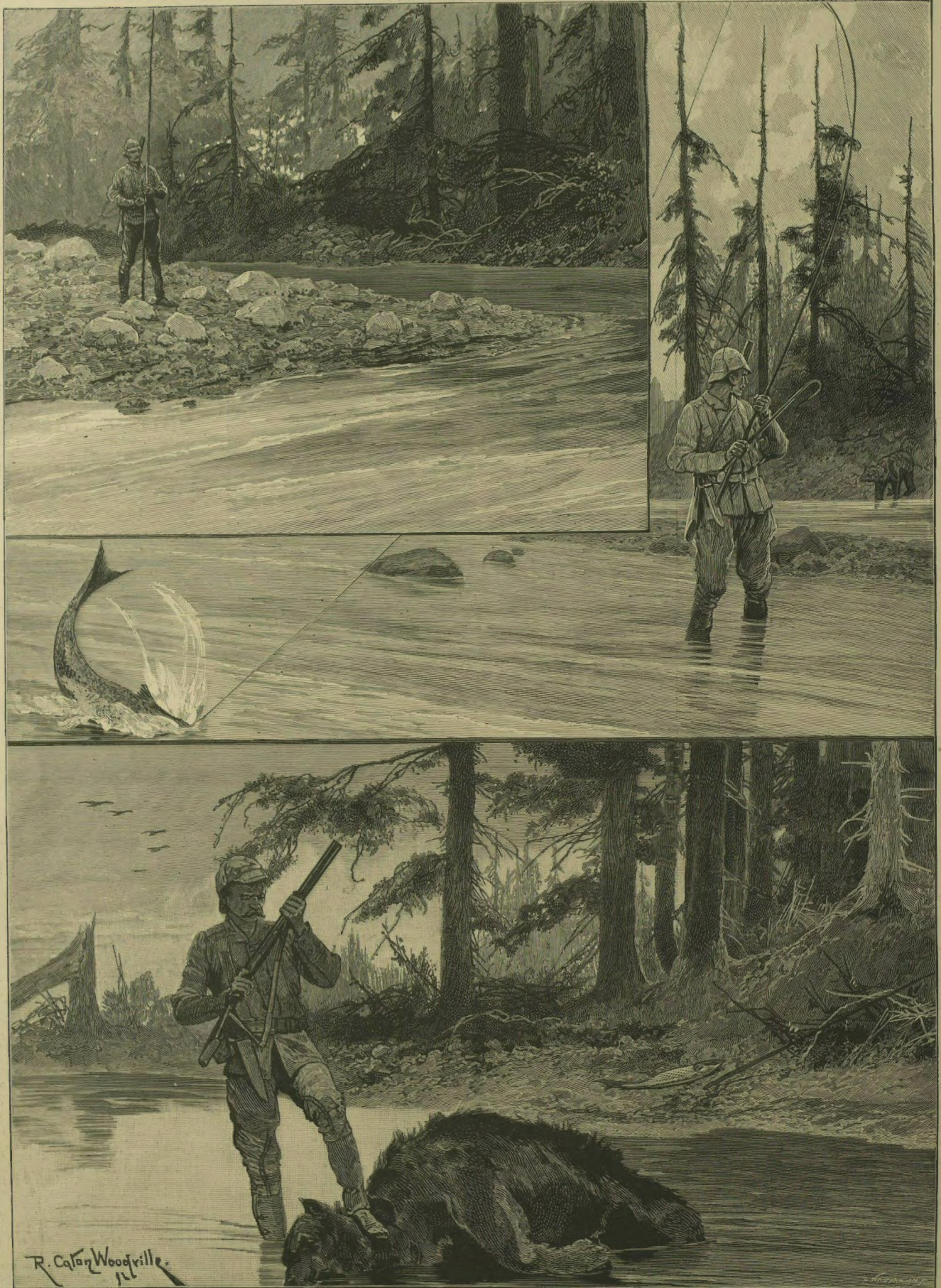
Photo H. W. Waltrabe, The Hague.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

the Silent," one of whose daughters, Louisa Juliana of Nassau, married to the Elector Palatine Frederick IV., at Heidelberg, became the mother of Frederick V., elected King of Bohemia, whose consort, the English Princess Elizabeth, daughter of our King James I., gave birth to Sophia, afterwards Electress of Hanover, the ancestress of all our Sovereigns of the present line, as fixed by the Act of Settlement to secure the Protestant succession.

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the Sirdar or Commander-in-Chief of the Khedive's Army, has returned from his visit to Berber, on the Nile, to Abu Hamed, well satisfied with General Hunter's progress and arrangements up the river, which is now regularly patrolled by gun-boats armed with very effective artillery, capable of throwing shell to a long distance along its banks. The Dervish forces remain collected at Metammeh, while their ruler, the Khalifa, is still at Omdurman, adjacent to Khartoum. Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers, contributes several fresh sketches: that of an amusing scene of slumbers disturbed early in the morning on board Cook's Nile steamboat, the *Queen-Hatasoo*; the train of water-tank-railway-carriages, on the Nubian Desert line now under construction, with camels brought to meet it and to fetch the water for the camp; and yet another remarkable sign of the introduction of European scientific methods, discoveries, and inventions among the Eastern people—namely, Surgeon-Major Jennings vaccinating a child, the little son of the Emir Mohammed Zain, a prisoner of war captured at Dongola, now detained at Wady Halfa.



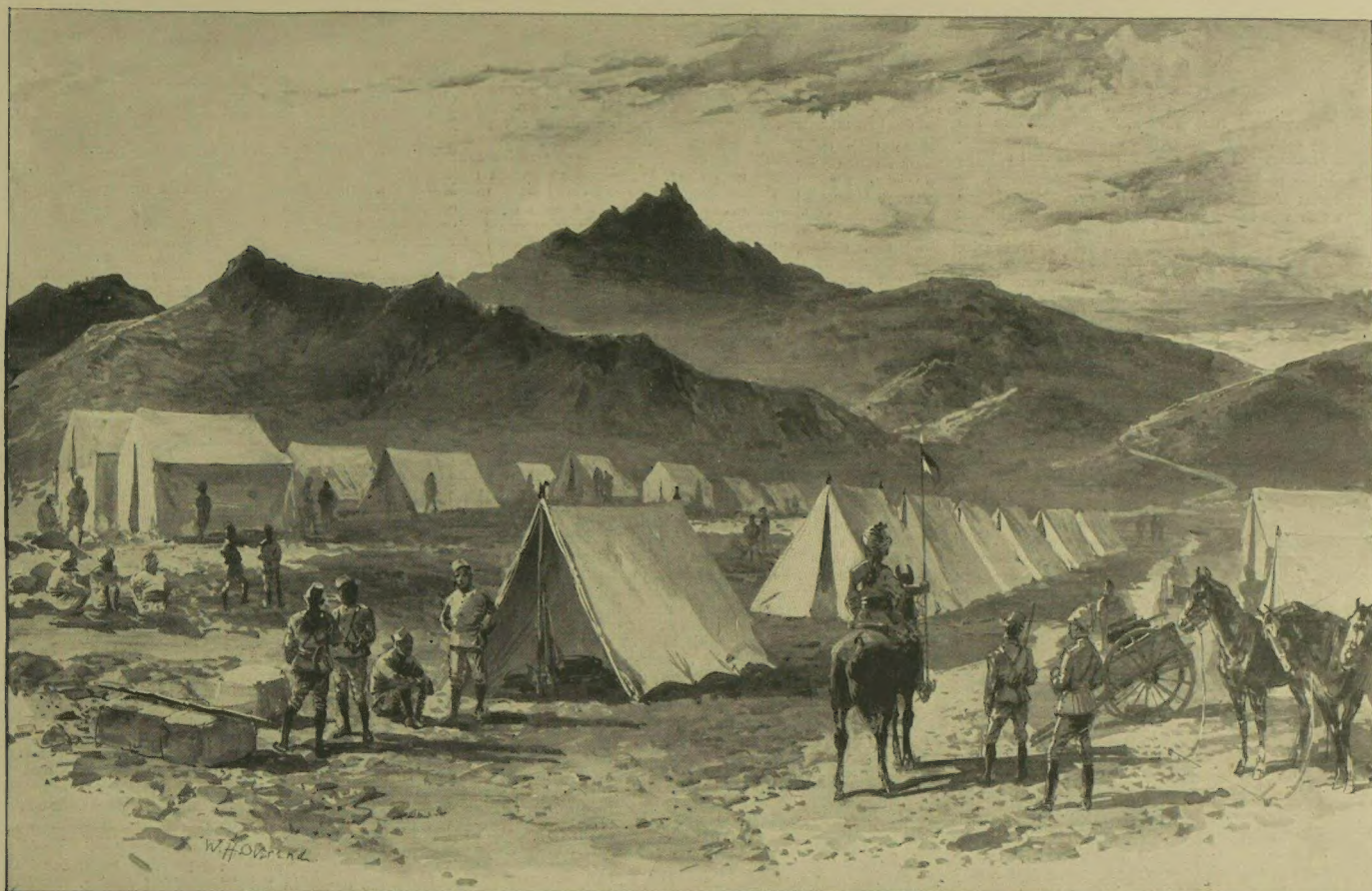
1. A Likely Spot.

2. "How happy could I be with either!"

3. A Double Event.

SPORT IN ALASKA, WITH SALMON AND BEAR.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



WITH GENERAL YEATMAN BIGGS AND THE KURRAM FIELD FORCE: KOHAT, FROM THE GURKHA CAMP.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant-Colonel C. Pulley, Gurkha Rifles.

Three Towers to cover Fort. Fort Ali Musjid.



Serai, in the Hands of the Afridis.

Road through the Khyber Pass.

FORT ALI MUSJID, FROM THE JAMRUD SIDE.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant H. Macleay, Punjab Infantry.

PERSONAL.

The great dispute about the Eton and Harrow cricket-match has been settled. Some people might be interested in the Greek question, or trivialities of that kind, but the real matter for the consideration of serious-minded citizens and schoolboys was the proposal that the Eton and Harrow match should extend from two days to three. Dr. Welldon was of that opinion, but Dr. Warre has exercised his veto. He thinks quite enough time is given to cricket already, and it is highly probable that a large number of parents will agree with him.

Lieutenant Arthur Wellesley Bailey, 38th Bengal Infantry, who was killed on Sept. 14, in the night attack on General Jeffreys' Brigade, near Markarai, was the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Bailey, late Devonshire Regiment, of Timaru, New Zealand, and grandson of the late Thomas Andrew Bailey, J.P., formerly of Stradbally, Queen's County. Lieutenant Bailey was born in August 1867. His military career began in the New Zealand military forces, from which, in 1890, he joined the Duke of Cambridge's Middlesex Regiment. In 1892 he was appointed to the Indian Staff Corps, and served during 1894-95 under Sir William Lockhart with the Waziristan Field Force, winning medal and clasp.

Vice-Admiral Miot commanded the French flotilla which bombarded the Siamese forts when France was at war with Siam. To present this officer to the King of Siam in Paris was scarcely an act of courtesy, especially if it be true that the presentation was made twice over, and that the second time, the Admiral, nettled by the King's coldness, "ostentatiously withheld his hand." The French rarely commit so flagrant a breach of manners, and it may be hoped that the story is not true.

Another legend has probably as little foundation. It is said that the Kaiser has ordered a figurehead, modelled on his illustrious person, to be affixed to every German battleship, and provided with a phonograph, into which he has talked some patriotic sentiments. When a ship visits a foreign port, the figurehead is to deliver the imperial oracle in order to strike awe into the strangers who are too apt to treat the Kaiser's utterances with flippancy. There is no confirmation of this tale in any of the usual channels of diplomatic information.

The Indian frontier war is costing us dear in young officers. Yet another, barely entered on his fourth decade, has to be placed in the death-roll along with Lieutenants Hughes and Wellesley Bailey. Captain William E. Tomkins, Wing Officer and Quartermaster of the 38th Bengal Infantry (Dogras), who fell on Sept. 14 in the attack on General Jeffreys' Brigade, was the son of Lieutenant-General W. P. Tomkins, R.E. Originally in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, which he joined in 1886, Captain Tomkins was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps in 1889. The deceased officer had served in the Chin-Lushai Expedition of 1889 and 1890.

Everybody is lamenting the death of the Queen's giraffe. This interesting animal was brought from Bechuanaland. It took ill on the voyage, and refused its food. When at Plymouth it was no better, and it appears to have died on the way from the London Docks to the "Zoo," for there it was taken out of its cage stone dead, to the grief of all beholders. Was it sea-sickness which caused this calamity? Were all the remedies for that fell distemper applied to the interesting patient? The giraffe is a beautiful and amiable beast, and the death of this one ought to be mourned as a national loss.

The queer story about the alleged secret marriage of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive of the Austrian throne, still remains a mystery. A lady who belongs to one of the "patrician families" of Aix-la-Chapelle has disappeared, and her relatives assert that she has married the Archduke, who wooed her *incognito*. This is denied at Vienna, where the Archduke is believed to be already married. It is suggested that he has a double, a lunatic escaped from an asylum in France, who has imposed upon the Aix-la-Chapelle lady and run away with her. The whole story reads like a penny novelette; but a fact, which has no literary taste, sometimes condescends to model itself upon that branch of romance.

The defence of Fort Gulistan, which will live as one of the memorable deeds of the present Indian frontier rising, was conducted by Major Des Vœux, who had under him a force of 165 men of the 35th Sikhs. The gallant Major had more than ordinary cause for anxiety, for in the beleaguered fort were his wife, her four children, and two nurses. At four o'clock on the 12th the enemy came very close to the walls, and were repulsed with the bayonet. On the 13th the enemy came still closer, and when at last relief came the garrison had been at their post for thirty continuous hours. One of Major des Vœux's children, a little girl of six, along with her smaller brother, took the keenest and pluckiest interest in the siege. Indeed, it was with difficulty that these martial children of a gallant father could be kept out of the line of fire. The little girl's account of the affair shows that she, at any rate, is for no half-measures. She ventured even to criticise her father for over-much leniency towards a rascal Afridi who crept up to burn the hedge. The Major gave the fellow a chance before he shot him, but the little Amazon considered that "daddy should have shot him at once." Another plucky lady who figured in the same defence was Miss Magnath, one of the nurses, who devotedly tended the wounded, regardless of the flying bullets.

At Boulogne, on Sept. 11, died the Hon. Sir William Charles Windeyer, LL.D., Deputy-Judge of Vice-Admiralty Court, and some time Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, aged sixty-three years. Sir William was born in Westminster in 1834; and, a year later, his father, who was a barrister, emigrated to Sydney. Sir William was the first graduate of the University of that city, and he became its Chancellor in 1895. He had been for twenty years a member of the New South Wales Parliament, when, Sir William leaves a widow, who was on a visit to her mother in England at the time of her husband's death.

Mr. George Meredith has been on a visit to Lord and Lady Battersea at Overstrand, Cromer. M. Bonvalot is a French explorer with a subtle sense of British perfidy. He says that official details of the Indian frontier fighting are intended to distract the attention of the French public from the British operations in Upper Egypt. Why the French newspaper readers are unable to interest themselves in Egypt as well as India does not appear. Perhaps M. Bonvalot is unjust to the mental range of his countrymen. But the idea that the Indian Government are carrying on a war for the amusement of Paris is distinctly novel. M. Cordang, the Dutch cyclist, who broke the world's record at the Crystal Palace track, accomplished as fine a piece of riding as has been seen for a long time. He started to beat British records at 102 miles, and world's records at four hours. He stuck to his saddle for twelve hours without dismounting, accomplishing in that time 317 miles 600 yards. Having rested for eight minutes, he remounted and rode with all his former vigour, completing several of his miles in a little over two minutes each. When 500 miles were covered Cordang was an hour inside record, and had cut Huret's previous best by 1 h. 36 min. 47 sec., reaching that cyclist's twenty-four hours' distance in the twenty-third hour. Being persuaded to go on for the 1000 kilometres record, he continued on the

track, and finally beat the record in question by over sixteen hours. This performance has naturally proved the most exciting wheel event of the year.

Herr Andrée's balloon, or its ghost, continues to distract the villagers in northern regions. They see it on fine moonlight nights, when it appears to them in the aspect of "a large apple" hanging from some unseen celestial tree. This valuable information is telegraphed to all the newspapers; but we know no more about Andrée than on the day after he started on his voyage into space.

By the death of Sir William Brandford Griffith, K.C.M.G., the Colonial Office loses a distinguished and able servant. The deceased gentleman, who died on Sept. 18, at Barbados, of which place he was a native, was the eldest son of the late Mr. William Griffith. In 1863 he was appointed Auditor-General of Barbados, where he was Acting Colonial Secretary from May to October 1874, and again in 1876 and 1877. From 1861 to 1874 he was a member of the Barbados Legislative Assembly, and in June 1876 he was appointed a member of the Barbados Legislative Council. In 1879 he became Lieutenant-Governor of the Gold Coast Colony, and Administrator for Lagos, and the same year he received the decoration of C.M.G. On several occasions he administered the government-in-chief, and in October 1885 he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief; 1877 saw him a K.C.M.G. In 1890 Sir William was sent on a special mission to the King of the Belgians, and on his retirement two years ago the Government conveyed to him their thanks for his able and successful administration of the Gold Coast Colony.

Something disagreeable is to happen to the world in November next, in November 1898, and December 1899. So says the oracle in the *Theosophical Review*. Madame Blavatsky predicted something awful and vague, and her prophecies are to come true at the times aforesaid. The Indian frontier risings mark the beginning of these portents. Considering that the Indian frontier has been disturbed from time immemorial, "H. T. B." might have predicted something a trifle fresher.

Lieutenant Victor Hughes, of the 35th Bengal Infantry—a Sikh corps—was killed in the engagement which took place on Sept. 16 near the Hindu Raj Pass. The engagement took place at six o'clock in the morning, when three columns moved to operate against the Mamunds. The 38th Dogras and 35th Sikhs advanced up the Mamund Valley, and were hard pressed near the village of Tangi. The force ultimately fell back on the Buffs, and in the retirement Lieutenant Hughes fell. The deceased officer, who was only in his thirty-first year, joined the Lincolnshire Regiment from the Militia in 1888, and in 1890 was transferred to the Indian Staff Corps. Since 1891 he had been attached to the 35th, with which he was serving when he met his death.

The Hon. Barry Somerset Maxwell, heir to Lord Farnham, lost his life in a cycling accident. This is one of a multitude of fatalities of the same kind in the course of the last few months. Most of the sufferers are novices who expose themselves to danger before they have learned to control the bicycle. There seems no remedy for this. The fatality recalls the death of the eldest son of another peer, Lord Inverurie, the heir to the Earl of Kintore, who would have celebrated his majority next April. The Master of Saltoun, the eleven-year-old heir of Baron Saltoun, has just escaped death by drowning on the Aberdeenshire coast when he and Master St. John Dick-Cunyngham went to bathe. The latter, who seems to have inherited the pluck of his father, Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, V.C., saved young Saltoun's life, but lost his own in the attempt.

NOTE.

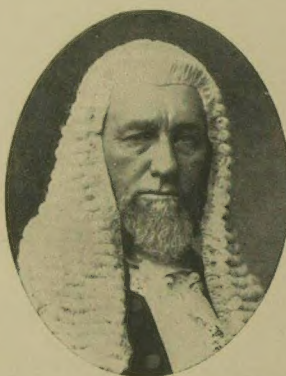
It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the Name and Address of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. W. BAILEY.

MAJOR DES VŒUX,
The Defender of Fort Gulistan.

THE LATE SIR W. BRANDFORD GRIFFITH.



THE LATE MR. JUSTICE WINDEYER.

Photo Martin Jacobette.
THE LATE CAPTAIN W. E. TOMKINS.Photo W. and A. H. Fry
THE LATE LIEUTENANT VICTOR HUGHES.Photo Negretti and Zambra.
M. CORDANG, THE RECORD CYCLIST.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, has had for guests Prince and Princess Francis Joseph of Battenberg, and has received the visits of Princess Louise, Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duchess of Albany, and others connected with the royal family.

The Prince of Wales on Monday morning left Copenhagen for Hamburg to visit the Empress Frederick of Germany. His Royal Highness, with the Princess of Wales and Princess Charles of Denmark, assisted in the celebration of the Queen of Denmark's eightieth birthday, and visited several palaces and castles in that country.

The Duke and Duchess of York went last week to Gainsborough, the seat of Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, on a visit of several days, after which they visit the Queen at Balmoral.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce held their annual conference last week at Middlesbrough. Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., the President, and Sir Courtenay Boyle, of the Board of Trade, addressed them upon the prospects of British commerce and measures for its advantage, and various practical questions were discussed.

The sixtieth yearly Congress of the Sanitary Institute, held at Leeds, was attended by eight hundred delegates, presided over by Dr. Farquharson, M.P., who urged in his address the creation of a Government Ministerial Department of Public Health, and more effectual legislation.

At Edinburgh, last week, the opening of the reconstructed North Bridge, built of steel at a cost of £90,000, was attended by Lord Rosebery, who made an engaging and amusing speech at the Lord Provost's luncheon-table.

The Liberal party in the Barnsley Division of the West Riding of Yorkshire have selected Mr. Joseph Walton for their candidate; he was formerly candidate for the Doncaster Division. Mr. James Blyth, a resident in London, is the Conservative candidate.

The engineers' strike continues, the number of men now idle being 57,000, of whom 23,000 are engineers, supported by strike pay at the rate of fifteen shillings a week, besides allied workers, non-unionists, and labourers. Mr. Lilwelyn Smith, of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade, has had an interview with Colonel Dyer, of the Employers' Federation, and is conferring with Mr. Barnes, Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, with a view to mediation in the dispute concerning a forty-eight hours' weekly limitation of work.

All other topics of foreign political interest are less important than the great event of last Saturday at Constantinople, the signing of the Peace Preliminaries' Convention by the plenipotentiaries of the Six Great Powers of Europe, as well as by Tewfik Pasha, the Sultan's Minister of Foreign Affairs, and by the representative of the King of Greece. The text of Articles II. and VI. was published instantly; the first providing for the payment by Greece to Turkey of £4,000,000 as indemnity for the costs of the late war, to be secured by placing a sufficient amount of the Greek annual revenues under the control of an International Commission at Athens, which will also take care of the interest of old creditors and bondholders of Greece; the second, binding Turkey, within a month after the proposed International Commission shall have authorised a new Greek Loan for paying that indemnity, to evacuate Thessaly, reserving merely an alteration of the strategic frontier on the Macedonian borders. The remaining Articles, mostly of a formal and provisional character, for the restoration of peace, the tracing of the new frontier, and the amendment of abuses in Consular jurisdiction, appeared next day; and the treaty will be submitted by M. Ralli, the Greek Prime Minister, to the Greek Legislative Chambers at Athens for the passing of a law enabling King George's Government to put Greek revenues under foreign control. Russia, Germany, and Austria seem to be very well pleased with this settlement. It has caused a feeling of despondency at Athens, and of tolerable satisfaction at Constantinople. The Sultan is congratulated upon this result. French and

English opinion seems to be content with having put an end to the immediate miseries of a state of war; but the distress of the population in Thessaly, almost ruined by the presence of the Turkish Army since the defeat of the Greeks, will continue to be severely felt unless European nations freely give large voluntary contributions for their relief. The settlement of Crete, with secure administrative emancipation and the entire removal of Turkish troops from that island, where the inhabitants, both Christian and Mohammedan, are now suffering equally from the mischief they have mutually inflicted upon each other, will be the next care of European diplomatists; and Lord Salisbury's chief attention must now be directed to this object.

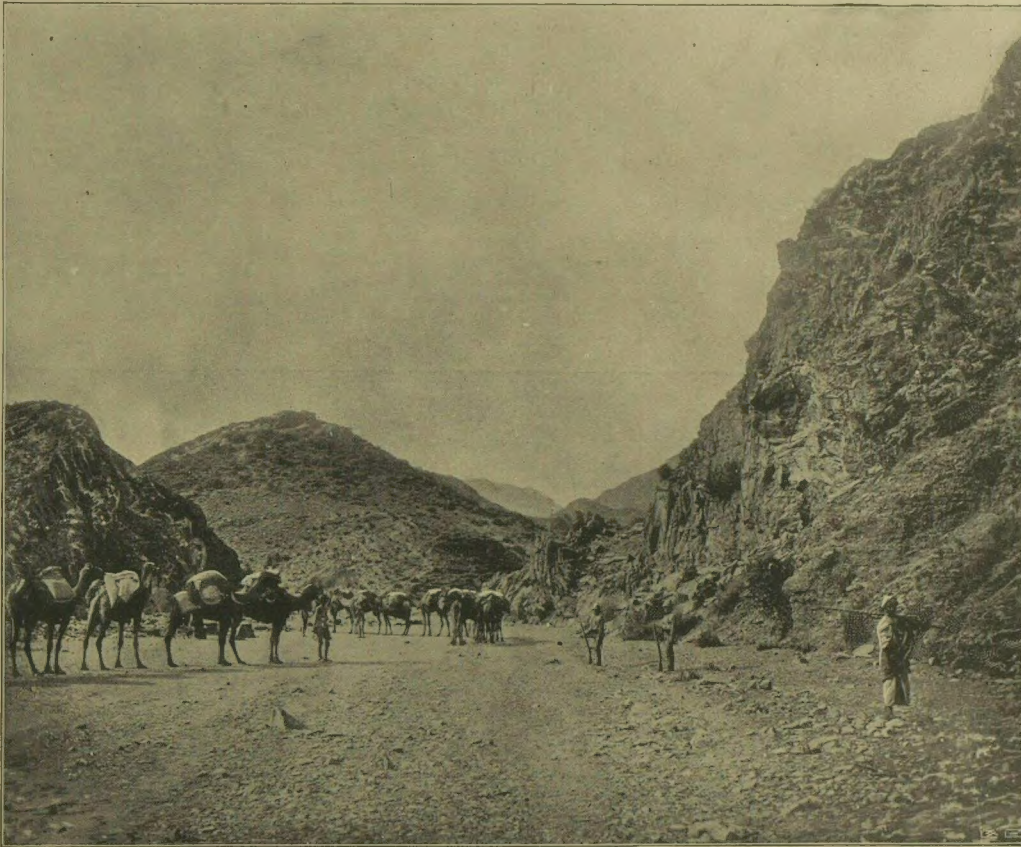
The German Emperor, as the guest of the Emperor Francis Joseph in Hungary, has been magnificently entertained, with grand reviews of troops, and shooting or hunting parties, followed by a splendid festive reception at Budapest, on Monday; he would go home on Wednesday by way of Breslau to Berlin. A meeting of the King of Roumania with the Austrian Emperor has been arranged, and is expected to confirm the pacific Eastern policy of the Triple Alliance.

Spain appears to be apprehensive of an impending direct interference of the American United States Government in favour of the Cuban Insurgents. It is even said that General Woodford, the new American Ambassador to the Court of Madrid, on Saturday, at St. Sebastian, at his first

THE CITY OF THE LILY.

Where Donatello bought the eggs which fell down in a broken heap before the wonder of the Crucifix, you may buy them still. Florence, like Rome, is the Eternal City, though she does not still resound to the boom of her bell Vacca—the bellow of the Old Cow: "Buy a knot of April lilies"—I am quoting Pascarel from memory—"and you may make sweet with their scent the city ward that knew the playhours of the child Ghirlandajo when he was tired of watching his father fashioning gold and silver garlands for the young heads of the Renaissance." There is no escaping the past in Florence. A pretty child runs by and looks at you with the face of one of Angelico's angels; you sit an hour in a dark church, and Michael Angelo plucks you by the sleeve. Ghosts are thick in the streets. Fra Lippo Lippi goes by, a sedate figure in a cowl, but for the roving, roguish eyes that followed that great lady as she lounged by, attended closely by her maid. Great lady? No; but surely Andrea del Sarto's wife, though she has put off the gracious antique dress for modern gauds. There she goes, up the bank by Lung' Arno. And who was it joined her just now? Not del Sarto. No; "the cousin." And the poor, sweet-hearted Andrea is toiling at home over a picture that is to buy her the rosary of carved ivory that she so much desires; and he is contented with it as it grows beneath his hand; and yet in his eyes self-contempt burns amid the content—for "a man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?" Nay, but no more work, hopeless or hopeful, for Andrea now!

The ghosts go by, thick as bees in swarming-time. One pauses at the Via del Corso, and thinks a tender thought of Beatrice. Here stood her father's house, and yet here her ghost is not. Then to the centre of all Florentine life, the Piazza della Signoria, where is the great fountain of Neptune; and where of old they lighted a costly beacon with Savonarola for a torch. Thence to the Piazza Santa Croce, and its church—less fair than the urn should be that holds the dust of Michael Angelo and Alfieri, Galileo, Machiavelli, Viviani. Here, too, is one whom his compeers crowned, dead, ere they buried him in Santa Croce: Aretino, the historian. In the Via Ghibellina is the convent where Catherine dei Medici lived when she was innocent, and "Caterina," and—nine years old! Poor little bud, that holy hands tended and pruned and fostered, not



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: WESTERN ENTRANCE TO THE KHYBER PASS.

From a Photograph by Mr. Bourke, Jolabad.

meeting with the Duke of Tetuan, Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, declared that the United States would take action in Cuba if the rebellion of the islanders were not terminated by the end of October.

On Monday the twenty-seventh anniversary of the entry of the army of the Kingdom of Italy into the City of Rome, in 1870, was celebrated by the Roman municipal authorities and patriotic Italian citizens with festivities at the Porta Pia, and King Humbert sent a message of congratulation. The British naval squadron, under command of Admiral Hopkins, visiting the port of Venice, was greeted by the Venetian civic dignitaries, and by the officers of the Italian army and navy, with courteous hospitalities.

A treaty or convention has been satisfactorily concluded between the British and French Governments to regulate the commercial tariff of Tunis, under the French Protectorate, limiting the import duty on British cotton goods, during fifteen years, to a maximum of five per cent. of their value, in return for which favour Great Britain, like other nations, abandons the old commercial treaty made by the Bey of Tunis in 1875.

Much distress in the approaching winter among the Russian peasantry in the regions of the Lower and Middle Volga, and in the Don territory, is expected to result from the deficient harvest of this year.

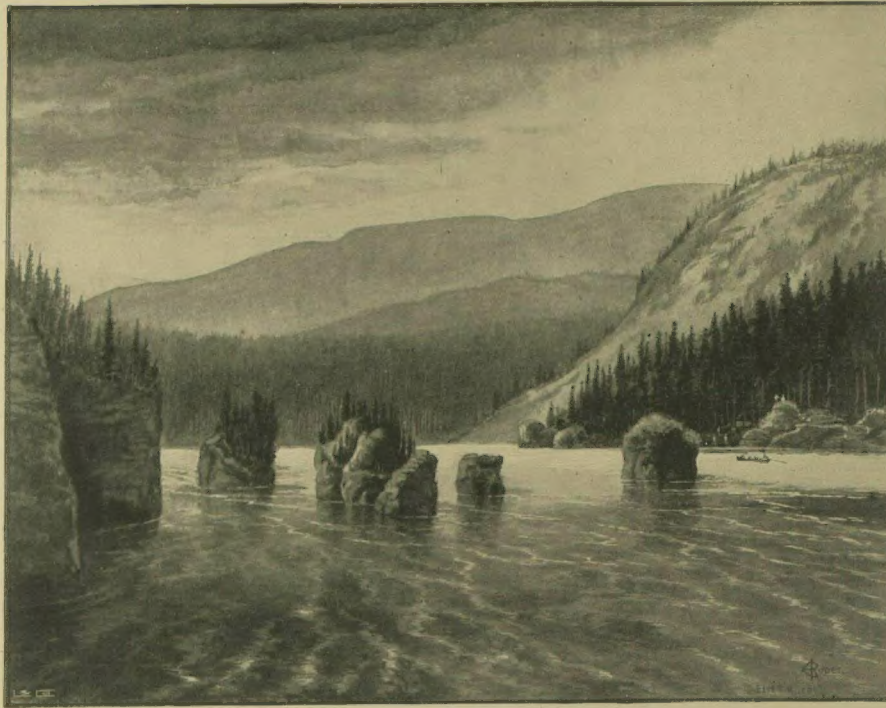
The Indian harvest reports are satisfactory, and Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, has written to the Lord Mayor of London, intimating that the Mansion House Fund may now be closed, having, as he says, "done immense good in the relief of famine and distress."

knowing the poison flower that it would grow to—poor white poppy bud! Is there noise near Or San Michele to-day? It was forbidden of old. And here—to enforce the law—stands the famous St. George of the Armourers, bareheaded. Then the Calzaio, the Street of the Stocking-Makers, surges afresh with fair and gracious ghosts. Does it not remember still how Ginevra's bare feet ran over its stones at dead of night, when she awoke from a trance to find herself in her shroud, and fled home, to be taken for a ghost and denied entrance by her husband? Are not these same stones called the Song of the Lily even yet? When the Devil's Plague was over, did not the Signory go up here one Ascension-tide to lay ripe fruits in token of gratitude at the feet of the Madonna of Ugolino? Then there is the Mercato Vecchio, the very oldest part of Florence. Here, no doubt, Camilla Martelli came from her father's shop on Ponte Vecchio to buy a winter salad or a bunch of red lilies, ora net of golden lemons, in the days before Cosmo I. had set eyes upon her exceeding fairness.

Nor should anyone miss visiting the Protestant cemetery with a bunch of pansies in hand, or at worst a leaf or two of rue, for here lies Landor, and here that "lyric love, half angel and half bird, and all a wonder and a wild desire," whom, when she was on earth, folk knew, first of all as Elizabeth Barrett, and then as Robert Browning's wife. "God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures" knows that the coldest hands and the deepest-frozen brain can be warmed and thawed at the fire lighted at the hands of those two married lovers. And since Florence means the Brownings, and they mean Florence, what more have I to say? For the ghosts have all gone home to Fiesole and Santa Croce and Or San Michele and the Santa Trinità; my pen is nearly dry, and Vacca has rung for sunset. *A rivederci!*

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

The hitherto little known land which has suddenly sprung into such importance is full of interesting features. Sitka, the capital of Alaska, has a white population of only a few hundreds. The Indians are the predominating class, and are congregated, to the number of perhaps a thousand, in a suburb called "the Ranchery." The most conspicuous object in the city is the blue dome of the Greek church, a building of very gorgeous interior. Although so far north, Sitka enjoys many of the institutions of civilisation, possessing an industrial school, a museum, and the oldest newspaper in the territory, called the *Alaskan*. Mount Versteri, which forms an effective background to the town, affords magnificent views from its summit. To the north and west the spectator views the Yukon and Klondike country and many regions practically unexplored. Sitka, although the capital, is not the commercial metropolis of Alaska, for the great business centre is Juneau. But Sitka is the seat of territorial government, and from its antiquity and picturesque situation claims the premier place. It is also remarkable as the most northerly seaport beneath the flag of the United States. After the traveller to Klondike leaves the White Horse Rapids he finds the Lewes River wide, swift, and smooth. Twenty-seven miles further up, Lake Labarge is entered. The lake is thirty-one miles long and four or

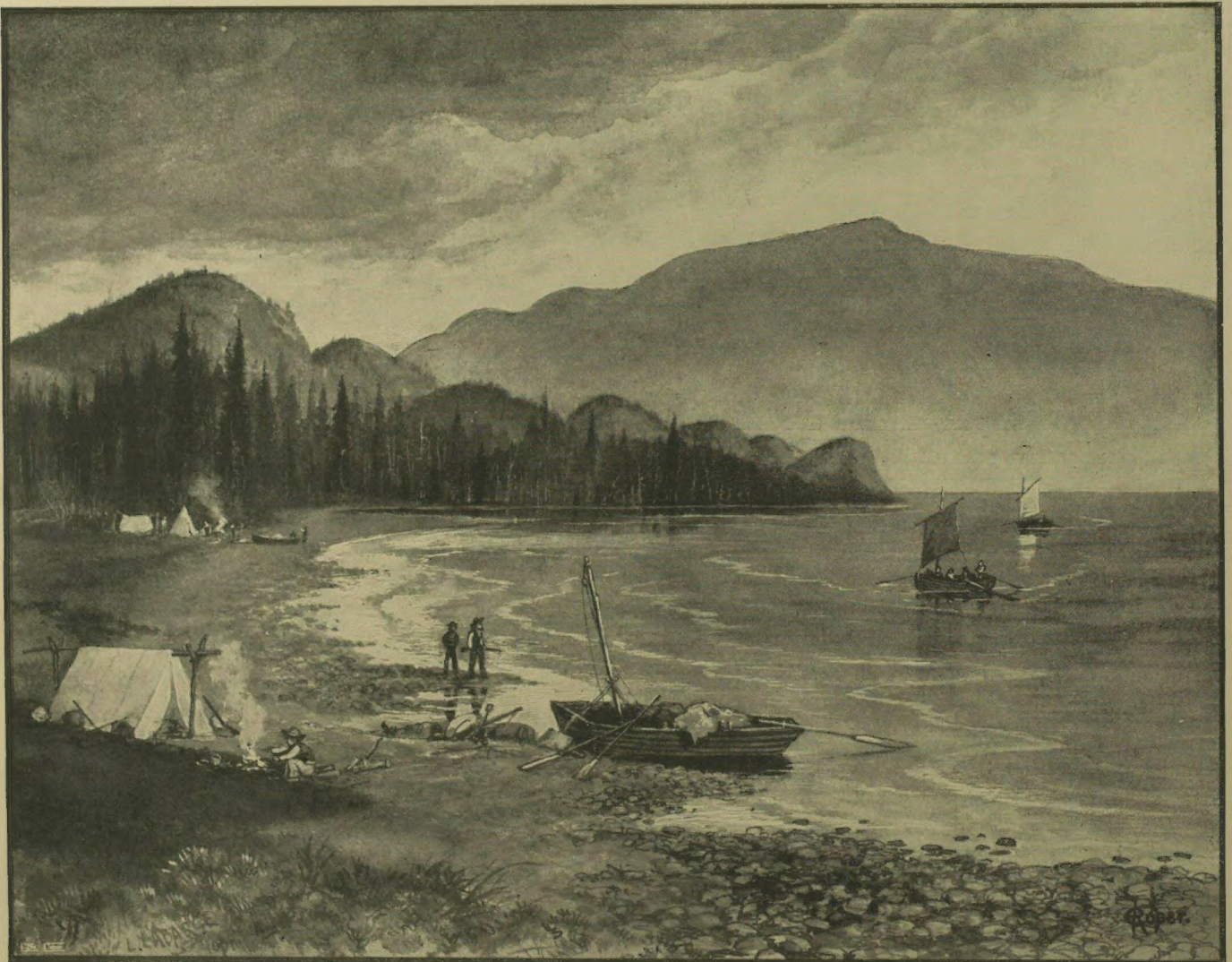


ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: THE FIVE FINGERS RAPIDS.

five miles wide at the upper part. In our Illustration, parties of adventurous miners are seen encamped on the lake shore, while others are arriving in rough boats and barges. The Lewes River, on leaving the lake, is some

gress of thousands of gold-seekers. These have taken up their winter quarters, awaiting starvation or the thaw. The latest piece of adventure is that of two lady cyclists, who have started on their machines from Boston for Klondike.

two hundred yards in width. In its course it is joined by the Hootalinqua, and many smaller creeks, most of them golden. Sixty-five miles below Lake Labarge occur the Five Fingers Rapids. These rapids, though obstructed by picturesque rocks, are not very difficult to navigate. The usual channel is through the white water which appears to the right in our Illustration. The Rink Rapids are six miles below, and fifty miles further on the Lewes is joined by the Pelly River, the two forming the now famous Yukon. From Seagway to the Rink Rapids the distance is about 370 miles; 160 miles more brings the traveller to the Stewart River, which is now announced to be very rich in gold. Another 65 miles and we are in Dawson City. In the 580 miles from Seagway to Klondike the only insurmountable difficulties are the White Horse Rapids and the Miles Canon. It is confidently expected that even these may soon be made practicable, and next year steamers are to be put on the route, so that the road to El Dorado will be made as easy as possible. This is all very well for summer. Winter, of course, remains the great and abiding difficulty. The first fall of snow for the season has just swept the Seagway trail, thereby arresting the pro-



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: LAKE LABARGE.

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BY
SHAN. F. BULLOCK.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. TOWNSEND.

LIZZIE DOLAN was in bad humour; and so, more than once that morning, Hughy Fitch and Peter Jarmin had told each other across the narrow strip of ground that lay between one potato furrow and another. She looked sour, they thought, nipped, withered; her tongue had an edge that morning; a pig with six legs wouldn't make her laugh; her eye was vicious, her manner shrewish; she was not herself at all, they said, not the least bit.

What ailed her? Hughy and Peter wondered. Had she slept on nettles? Had the ould mother bothered her? Was she in trouble? Was the work too much for her? asked Hughy of Peter, at last, and resting on his spade glanced over his shoulder at Lizzie, as, bending low, she went dropping seed-cuts here and there over the long strip of manured potato-ground. Was the work too much for her? asked Hughy, and let his eyes rest critically upon her bedraggled figure. Her skirt was bunched up about her waist; a sackcloth apron (a *prasken*, so called) bulging with seed-cuts swung against her knees; she wore an old and tattered jacket, heavy hobnailed boots, a quilted petticoat and a man's peaked cap; her hair was in wisps, her face was wind-chapped, her wrists and hands showed raw-red; she looked pinched, Hughy thought, hungry, cheerless.

"I wonder, now," said he, turning again to his furrow, "if it's that'd be aillin' her?"

"What?" asked Peter, and hung for a moment on his spade-shaft. "What?" asked he.

"Why, that the work'd be too much for her," answered Hughy, and broke a sod across the ridge. "It's hard on the back, an' it's wearisome; an' sure, the weather's ojus bitter."

Peter sniffed disdainfully, spat on his hands, and drove hard with his foot. He was a small man of about thirty-five, dark, wiry, ugly; about as much like his fellow-planter as a potato is like a turnip.

"Ach," said he, "quit wi' ye. Hard on the back, indeed! I wonder what her back was made for—Naw, it's not that," said Peter, with a wag of his head. "She knew what was before her when she agreed to come an' cut the seed for us, an' spread the dung, an' keep us goin'; right well she knew. An' won't the pair of us give her an' the ould mother a day at the turf an' another at the harvestin'?" Yis. Hard on the back, indeed," Peter went on, with a sniff; "an' a powerful soft job it'll be drivin' this danged spade through stiff lea from sunrise to sunset. Aw, yis, indeed."

"It's true, Peter," said Hughy. "I widn't deny it." "It's not to be denied," answered Peter. "People must ate, an' praties must grow, an' people must work. There's for ye."

"True," said Hughy again. "True for ye, Peter." "Ivery time I turn me spade an' clout a sod over the eye o' one o' them boy-os," Peter continued, and looked at one of the seed-cuts lying on the ridge below him, "there's another mouthful on the way to the pot come next winter—if so be the devil doesn't set his cloots on the bit o' *conacre* an' scatter the blight over it."

Hughy straightened his long back, rested his big hands on his spade-head and his breast on his hands; looked slowly across the field, sought Emo Hill and the hills beyond Thrasna River in a leisurely thoughtful gaze; glanced over his shoulder at Lizzie, and went on with his delving.

"I know," said he. "Ye talk like a schoolmaster, Peter. Yis. An' would it be the ould boy himself ye'd be blamin', now, for that east wind that's blowin' razors at us through the hedge?"

"I'd be thinkin' so," came across the ridge.

"An' himself, too, keeps the winter an' the hunger as long as he can, an' keeps the spring back, an' hides the sun away somewhere behind the clouds? Would ye think that, Peter?"

"I'd not be denyin' it," answered the wary Peter.

"Aw, yis," drawled Hughy; "aw, yis. An' ye'd be of opinion, mebbe, that he had a hand in keepin' women out drudgin' in a field on a day that's fit to blow holes in a snipe—eh, Peter?"

"Ah, there ye are again," snapped Peter; "there ye are again wi' your gossoon's talk. Didn't I tell ye? Didn't I—?" Peter straightened himself, and shot out an arm. "What the blazes worse off is she, I ax ye again, nor you an' me? Hasn't she clothes an' victuals? Does all the wind come flutterin' at her skirts, d' ye imagine? Answer me, will ye, Hughy Fitch?"

"She's a woman," answered Hughy.

"Aw, a woman," sniffed Peter; "a woman! Sure, I forgot. An' you're a man. I was forgettin' that too. Mebbe ye'd change places, Hughy? Or, mebbe, ye'd like to do her work as well as your own?"

"Naw," answered Hughy, "it's not that. Naw. I was just pityin' the crature."

"I know," said Peter. "Well, that's your affair. For me—well, I dunno. God knows I often pity meself. Look at the bones cuttin' through me skin. How often does the inside o' me know what *full* means? Aw, yis. Ye pity the crature, Hughy; an' so do I. But between herself an' me there's about as much to choose as between one furrow an' another. Jist as much."

Hughy did not answer. The two worked on for a while; then said Peter—

"Suppose ye ax her, Hughy, what'd be troublin' her?"

"I'd—I'd be fearin', Peter. Mebbe she'd take it ill." "Phat, man! She wouldn't ate ye; an' hard words'll not break your neck."

"Naw," said Hughy, and looked back at Lizzie. "That's true, sure enough." He put his hand to the lee side of his mouth and made as if to shout; hesitated, raised his hand again, and called—"Hoi—i—i, Lizzie!"

With one hand on her hip and the other holding up the end of her bulging *prasken*, Lizzie was standing gazing dolefully across Emo bog; but at sound of Hughy's call she turned and faced up the ridge.

"Well?" said she. "What is it?"

"Come up here an' give us some o' your crack," shouted Hughy.

"Ach, g'luck!" answered Lizzie, and stooped. "Crack, indeed!"

"Come on wi' ye," persisted Hughy. "We're powerful lonesome up here. Och, don't be so stubborn, woman dear. Come on, now. . . . That's right," said Hughy, drawing forth his pipe, as Lizzie turned and came tramping over the grass towards him. "That's right. Sakes alive, woman, you're as hard to bring from the work as an ass from a carrot-bed!"

Peter chuckled over his spade-head. Lizzie stopped. "Aw, I'll be thinkin' ye, Hughy Fitch," said she. "Is it for the remark ye called me?"

Hughy reddened; scratched his ear; moved his feet. "Och, now," said he; "och, now. . . . Sure, there was no harm. Ah, no. . . . Sure, I only wanted to say—"

"Ah, quit wi' ye," Peter broke in. "Sure, ye've as many excuses as if ye'd hit her in the eye. An' how's yourself, Lizzie, *machree*?" Peter went on, and, pulling out his pipe, softly began tapping its bowl upon his palm. "How's the world usin' ye, now, this raw mornin'?"

"Ye called me?" said Lizzie, and looked straight across Peter's shoulder at Hughy.

"Ah, I did," answered Hughy in his drawing way. "Twas Peter there put it in me head. Says he—"

"I know," said Lizzie, with a vicious tap of her foot and a scornful toss of her head. "I know. 'Twas Peter, indeed!" She turned to go. "Well, I'm obliged to ye for the walk ye've given me," she said, "an' the taste o' your foolery."

"But, Lizzie," Hughy began, and looked at her with wonderment big on his great red face; "I didn't mean—I—What, in glory's name—?"

"Ah, be quiet wi' ye," snapped Peter over his shoulder; "be quiet an' light your wits instead o' your pipe. . . . Aisy, Lizzie; aisy, ye girl ye. Now don't go; don't. Aisy, now; aisy. Come back till I tell ye a story. Och, do!"

Peter's wheedling availed nothing. Slowly Lizzie walked on, her head back, her eyes fixed straight before her; nor stopped, even, when a heavy foot came hurrying after and a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Let me go, Peter Jarmin," cried she. "How dare ye, Sir! Let me—" She wheeled round, and with well-feigned surprise saw Hughy Fitch. "Aw, it's yom, is it?" she said, dropping her eyes. "It's you."

"Ay," answered Hughy. "It's me. What, in glory, ails ye, Lizzie? Why, ye'd think I was trying to drive ye away, that quick ye are to turn tail. Come back. Come back or, faith, I'll shake ye."

"Why didn't ye keep me when I was there?" asked Lizzie, kicking at a clod.

"Keep ye? Keep ye? Why—didn't I ask ye to come? Why—didn't I want ye to stay?"

"Ay? Sure, I thought it was Peter."

"'Twas meself," said Hughy, and took her by the arm. "Back ye come."

"Amn't I as well where I am?" said Lizzie, with a smile round her lips.

"Naw. Back ye come."

"Ye think three'll be better company nor two?" said Lizzie, and turned.

"I think nothin'—only back ye come."

Hughy stood Lizzie in front of Peter, spilled the contents of her *prasken* upon the grass, brought an empty sack across from the hedge and spread it behind her.

"Now rest yourself," said he, and sat him down on the edge of a ridge, "an' no more o' your capers." Lizzie sat down upon the sack, gathered up her knees and clasped them with both hands. "Sure, that was no way to be treatin' us—no way at all. Ye'd think—ye'd think—tell me," said Hughy; "ha' we offended ye? Because—" He stopped. "Because—"

"Just so," said Peter with a chuckle. "Because—"

"Ah, quit your nonsense, Hughy!" Lizzie cried from the sack. "Offended me? Arrah, how? Naw. It's not that—it's not that at all."

"Ay?" said Hughy and Peter in a breath. "Ay?"

"Naw, it's not that," Lizzie went on, and let her eyes rest on the long blackness of a newly planted ridge; "it's just everything. I feel this mornin' as if me grave was open. I couldn't laugh if ye paid me for it. I can do nothin' right. I'm all through—other; an' the Lord knows I feel as cross as fifty cats tied in a sack."

"Ay?" said Peter, and laying his spade along the ridge, sat down upon it. "Well, we were sayin' ye didn't look yourself this mornin', Lizzie. Yis, we were."

"I can't return the compliment, Peter Jarmin," returned Lizzie; "for you're just the same as ye always are, just as ugly an'—Niver mind. Mebbe if I'm not meself," said she, and glanced at Hughy, "I'm not

without reason. Aw, no. It isn't for nothin' ivery cow hangs a tail behind her, so it isn't. But, sure—Aw," cried she suddenly, and looked here and there, "did the Lord iver make a worse day nor this? It's woeful. Look at the sky, that low an' angry lookin' you're afeard to throw an eye at it! Look at the cowl, grey, hungry appearance there's everywhere! Look at the fields, as dead as the road; an' the bare hedges, an' the starvin' trees! An' that wind," shivered the girl inside her tattered jacket; "sure, it's—och, it's ojus!"

For a while the two men sat looking, now at Lizzie, now up and down the bleak potato-field, now across the cowering hills, now up at the pitiless sky. It was truth, thought they; never had they seen a sorer day, never seen old Ireland more nakedly God-forsaken.

"Ye'd think," Lizzie went on presently, "that niver again could the sun shine or the sky show its face. Sure, it's woeful. It's worse nor frost an' snow; it's worse nor the floods. I can stand most things—but a day like that. Ugh!" shivered the girl again; "it's miserable. I could just die."

The men sat staring at her. She was in an odious queer humour that morning, they thought; she was like a sick child, with her peevishness and her humours.

"Yis, it's bad, I allow," said Peter, looking round. "Still, there's niver a bad but there's a worse behind it."

"Aw, just so," assented Hughy, with his eyes on Lizzie's face. "Just so."

"Worse?" cried Lizzie, throwing out a hand. "Worse, ye say? An' how? Would we be worse if we were flat in our graves? Look at us here, like snipes in a ditch, shiverin' an' famished. Look at the sky. Och, dear Lord, will the spring niver come—will it niver come again?"

"It will, Lizzie, *agra*," answered Peter; "surely it will. All of a suddint it'll take us, one o' these days, just like a smack from a blackthorn: an' then where'll your misery an' your graves be, wi' yourself friskin' in the sunshine like a nine days' lamb? Aw, yis, indeed!"

"Ah, quit your bleather, Peter Jarmin," answered Lizzie. "You an' your friskin'! Deed, ay. A lot o' friskin' poor me'll get; an' a sight better off I'll be, any-way—spring or no spring. Aw, yis. A big chance there is o' me caperin' in the sunshine—a mighty big chance!" cried Lizzie, and glanced at Hughy as he sat leaning forward and looking hard at her beneath his hat brim.

"Well," said Peter in his sage way, "mebbe it'd be as well to wait an' see."

Lizzie tossed her head impatiently.

"Ah, it's aisy to talk," said she peevishly; "mighty aisy! What do the two o' ye know about things? Aren't ye your own masters? If ye wanted to go to Ameriky the morrow ye could buy your tickets an' start. But—Aw, I wish to God I could go the morrow," cried Lizzie. "I wish it wi' all me heart. I'm tired o' this hand-to-mouth, dog-in-the-pot, kind o' life. I'm sick of it. Look at the old mother an' meself over yonder all be ourselves, niver knowin' where the bit's to come from, or the rag for our backs, or how long the roof'll be over us. Look at her a widdy woman; look at her failin' in health, an' no one to help her much, wi' meself knittin' socks all day, an'—och, what's the use o' talkin'? It's a dog's life, I say, a dog's. Women! Ah, God help the poor women, say I," cried Lizzie, and wiped a bitter tear from her cheek.

Peter looked at his boots, and found never a word to say. He was beginning to pity the girl, he found. What she said was true enough. She had her own troubles. It was a shame that such things should be, thought he, with a shake of his head; still—

"She's as cross as the devil," cried Lizzie suddenly. "She's always naggin' at me. She says I'm lazy, an' stubborn, an' peevish. She made the breakfast choke in me throat this mornin' wi' her tonguein'. I do me best," cried the girl; "I do me best. An' I know she's troubled. But—Aw, I wish to God I could get away somewhere. I do—I do."

Hughy sat rubbing a crumb of tobacco between his palms, his knife sticking out between his thumb and forefinger, his pipe head-downward in his mouth. Ah, his heart was sore for the poor girl. He wished he could help the creature and take some of the trouble from her. But what could he do? He liked her well. She was a bright, good-hearted wee thing when all was right with her. He minded when he used to sit before the fire with Lizzie at his side. They were bright days those. Ay. But—but times got bad; her mother's tongue and temper were hard to bear; somehow he had quit sitting with her before the fire. Och, ay. Och, 'twas a pity of the creature, a powerful pity; but—but what could he do? He looked again at Lizzie; met her eyes; reddened; looked down; after a while stole another glance at her and found her on her feet, and gathering the scattered potato-sets into her *prasken*. He rose awkwardly and hastily.

"Aisy," he said, and crossed the ridge. "Aisy, till I help ye, Lizzie." He stooped; and as he did so Peter knelt over and quickly gathered a double handful of the cuts. "Aisy, Lizzie," said Peter; "aisy, ye girl ye."

But already Lizzie had turned away. "I'm thankful to ye both," said she over her shoulder; "but sure there's no need to trouble ye: and what's there can wait till I'm comin' back."

Peter squatted on his heels; Hughy rested his hands on his knees and stood staring after her. They saw her

reach the fire which burned close to the lane hedge; saw her sit down on a pile of turf and begin slicing potatoes into seed-cuts; then they looked at each other, and without a word turned to their spades.

"Ay," said Peter, as he spat on his hands. "Aw, just so."

"Yis," said Hughy, and put away his pipe.

A while passed, then said Peter again—

"I'm thinkin' I know now what'd be aillin' her," said he.

"Ay," answered Hughy in his slow way; "mebbe ye do, Peter."

And after that, till dinner-time had come, no word passed between the planters.

II.

"There's no clock in the sky the day," Peter said, and looked up as if in search of the sun; "but be the feel o' things it must be feedin' time. Come away, Hughy," said he, and leaving his spade sticking in the ground set off towards the fire. "Come away."

Hughy did not answer. He finished off the end of a ridge, threw his spade into a furrow, and with his hands clasped behind his back, slowly followed Peter. Presently he turned; let his eyes rest for a moment on the figure of Lizzie; grunted and turned; turned again and muttered; without more ado began retracing his steps.

"It's the devil's work for a woman," he mumbled as he went; then, coming closer to Lizzie, raised his voice. "It's dinner time," said he; "there or thereabouts."

"Is it?" answered Lizzie, and went on spreading a manure heap. "I'm obliged to ye."

Hughy knitted his brow; pocketed his hands; let his weight rest on this foot, now on that.

"But—You're comin' over, Lizzie?" he asked, and stolidly looked at the girl.

"Naw, Hughy. I'm not."

"Eh? You're not? An' what—?" Words failed Hughy.

"I'm going over the bog to see Anne Daly," Lizzie went on. "I promised her, this mornin', I'd go an' take a bite wi' her. An' I'm goin'."

"Aw," said Hughy, "I see. Then, that bein' so—We'd be powerful glad o' your company, Lizzie," he went on, and looked wistfully at her, "if only ye'd come."

"I'm thankful to ye, Hughy. Still—a promise is a promise."

"Aw, I know. I know. I wouldn't have ye—Aw, not at all." Hughy half turned away. "Aw, not at all," said he; "still—" Again he paused; and before the next word would come Lizzie had started.

"Ay, still . . ." said she. And flinging a laugh over her shoulder, she went running across the ridges.

Hughy bent his head, slowly crossed the field, and came to the lane hedge. There, in its shelter, a fire of peat burned brightly; and beside it sat Peter Jarmin, his legs outstretched, his back against the half-filled potato sack, and a great piece of black rye bread in his hand. A bottle of cold tea stood warming by his foot; his hat was on the back of his crown; already the fire had drawn the blueness from his face. He looked fairly comfortable, did Peter, and his lips went smacking with a mighty relish over the plain dryness of his dinner.

Hughy rounded the fire; lifted his coat off the ditch, took from one pocket a bottle of milk and from the other a piece of soda bread knotted inside a red handkerchief; threw the coat round his shoulders, kicked a couple of turfs together, and, with the fire between him and Peter, sat down. He untied the handkerchief, pulled out a clasp-knife, slit his bread in half, stood one piece in the ashes against the sole of his boot, and on the point of his knife held the other towards the fire to toast. His face was sober, thoughtful. Now and then he turned his head and glanced in the direction that Lizzie had gone; once or twice he caught the glint of Peter's black eyes through the peat smoke; but no word spoke he, and it was not till he had started on his second piece of toast that the sound of Peter's voice came to him across the flap of the fire.

"Where was she off to?" asked Peter.

"To Fat Anne's."

"I know," said Peter, and went on munching his rye bread; and for the rest of the meal, but for the whistling of the wind in the hedge, the smacking of lips, and the gurgle that came at intervals from the bottle necks, silence reigned.

Peter finished first; flung his empty bottle towards the ditch, buttoned his coat round his shoulders, lit his pipe, and leant back luxuriously against the potato sack. He felt mighty comfortable in body—full, tight, warm. He pulled down his hat brim, folded his arms, closed his eyes; but sleep he could not. Dang it, what ailed him? He sat upright and looked across the fire. There, flat on his back, lay Hughy—and he as wide awake as a hunted fox. Ho, ho; Hughy awake too? 'Twas mighty curious, thought Peter; mighty curious. What ailed the both of them? Why was Hughy—? Och, devil take Hughy! He relit his pipe, leant back against the potato sack, and began to think—to think hard and solemnly, even, to all appearance, as Hughy, his partner, was thinking. He knitted his brow, pursed his lips, cocked his knowing eye at the blaze; after a while, slapped his leg vigorously and raised his head.

"Yis," said he, half aloud. "Be the King, I'll do it! Ye wouldn't be havin' a pack o' cards in your pocket, Hughy?" he asked through the smoke.

"Divil a one," came back.

"Ay. Would ye be havin' a couple o' ha'pence, then, about ye? Ye would." Peter rose. "Well, then, I'll play ye a game o' pitch an' toss on the lane. I'm off me sleep. Come away wi' ye."

"All right," answered Hughy. He rose, yawned, stretched up his arms, looked across the bog towards the cabin of Fat Anne. "All right," said he, and followed Peter. "Divil a hair I care if I do."

The two went a little way up the field, and through a gap into the lane that runs through Emo down towards Thrasna River; there, in the levellest spot they could find, set a stone as a spud, drew out their coins, and began their game. Peter looked flushed; somewhat excited. Hughy pitched and tossed with zest, if with less than his usual skill. In silence, almost in excitement, the partners played their boy's game between the piping hedges. After half an hour every farthing of Hughy's tobacco-money—some threepence sterling—was jingling in Peter's pocket, and sport was over.

"Well, devil take me luck!" said Hughy, as he turned towards the gate.

"Aw, devil take it, indeed!" answered Peter, and grinned knowingly; "an' devil keep me mine! Well, come away, Hughy, me son, there's work to do. Ay, ay. But—but," he went on, and looked up and down the potato-field, "where's Lizzie? Sure, I—sure, she should be back be this. Well, no matter, she'll come in time. Aw, yis." And soberly the two tramped back to their spades.

Half an hour went by, and brought no Lizzie. For the twentieth time Peter looked anxiously towards Rhamus Hill, and wondered what on earth was keeping the girl. Had anything happened to her, he asked himself and Hughy? 'Twas time she was back. He was weary waiting for her. He was—Look how near they were to the end of the ridge, and nothing was ready for them, no dung spread, no cuts dropped. Ah, he was tired waiting. He'd go and fetch her. It was too bad. He'd wait no longer. He'd—Hughy's arm shot out and marked a figure, which moved slowly in the gloom that lay folded about the roots of Rhamus Hill.

"Stay where ye are, Peter," said he. "There she is."

Peter grunted; leant his breast against his spade-head, pulled his hat down and under its brim watched Lizzie wind through the heather and over the turf-banks; saw her jump the wide drain that bounds the bog, enter the potato-field, leisurely top the ridges. For a moment or two he watched her swaying here and there among the manure-heaps; then, suddenly, let fall his spade and settled his hat firmly on his crown.

"I'm mindful to say a word to her," said he to his partner, and moved away a step. "I have somethin' to say. . . . Aw, I'll be back in a jiffy," he broke off; and with a wave of his hand set out towards Lizzie.

Now Hughy Fitch was a simple fellow, big hearted and trusting, and, moreover, was Peter Jarmin's friend; still, it must be said that he watched his partner go swinging over the grass with no very friendly eyes. What, in glory, was the man after? he asked himself. Somehow, he was not trusting Peter. He had been powerful strange in his ways these last few hours. Look at him there, now, standing before Lizzie and him as impudent looking as a cattle-jobber. What—what right had he to go to her, to talk to her? What, in the King's name, was he saying? Look how Lizzie was staring at him. Och, he wished they were closer. There now, again. Out goes Peter's hand; up goes his voice; out goes t'other hand: Whist! . . . Och, not a word can he hear. What, in blazes, is he saying? There he is again, talking like an auctioneer; now he—Eh? Is that Lizzie laughing? Ay, it is! Look at her head back, and her mouth open. There she goes again. Now Peter turns and glowers at the ground; wheels round again, and says another word or two; gets another laugh from Lizzie, and bangs his hat on the grass; turns, and—It was time to be minding his own business, thought Hughy.

The afternoon wore on. Each at his furrow, the planters wrought steadily, and one to another spoke never a word. Sometimes Peter muttered fiercely below his breath, or growled viciously as his spade struck a stone. Often enough Hughy stole a quick glance at his partner's face, and wondered to see how black it was, and how fierce. Now and then a laugh swirled up the ridges on the wings of the wind, and Hughy turned to see Lizzie holding her sides; and Peter swore between his teeth. At last—two hours, maybe, having gone since dinner-time—Lizzie passed on her way to the fire, and at sight of her stepping along, her nose in the air and a grin on her face, Peter snatched the halter from his tongue and cried fiercely—

"The jade!" And again: "The hussy!"

"Ay?" said Hughy, without raising his eyes. "Ay?"

"Look at her prancin' along. Look at the grin on her. The hussy!" cried Peter again. "The jade!" Hughy kept silent. Lizzie sat down beside the fire and began warming her hands. Fiercely Peter wielded his spade; fiercely, in a little while, did he speak. "She's a fool! She laughed at me, scorned me—I'm not an old man," cried Peter all suddenly; "I'm not ugly."

I'm as good a man, any day, as you, Hughy Fitch. Yis, I am!"

"Sure, nobody's denyin' it," answered Hughy, and glanced up at Peter.

"Naw, I know. But—Aw, I know all about it. Says she: 'Why, I could cut a better man nor you, Peter, out of Hughy yonder, an' him niver to know.' Could ye, be jabbers!" shouted Peter. "Why, I've more brains to spare in me skull than 'd make a magistrate o' ye. Ye hear that, Hughy Fitch?"

"I hear," said Hughy, and smiled down at his spade. "I hear ye."

"What has bulk or good looks to do wi' it?" Peter went on. "'Twasn't her face or her size made me say what I did. Naw! 'Twas—Aw, dang me, if I know what tempted me to make such a gomeril o' meself! The fool I was—the fool!" Hughy kept a discreet silence. Peter turned a sod or two; then broke out afresh. "To laugh at me, an' call me a fool! The jade—the hussy! But wait. Aw, wait till herself an' the ould mother comes on the parish, an' I have the laugh at her. It's then she'll mind the day I offered me—self to her here in Emo town-land. Aw, ay. An' I'll mind it too. Yis, sir; yis, sir!"

Slowly Hughy rose to his full height; slowly looked round at Peter.

"I see," said he. "That was it?" He whistled softly. "I see," he said again. "Oh, just so."

"The little fool," Peter continued. "Her to refuse a good house, an' three cows' place, an' a man that was worth—Phat!" cried Peter in utter disgust. "The wee fool."

Hughy had been looking hard at Peter; now he put a foot on the ridge and leant towards him.

"I say, Jarmin," said he; "this'll be a mean kind o' trick ye're after playin'?"

"What?" snapped Peter.

"Why didn't ye tell me what ye were after?" Hughy went on. "Ye knew I used to be courtin' the girl; ye knew I was keen to do some-thing; ye knew I meant to do somethin'."

"Knew?" cried Peter. "Knew! An' suppose I did, Hughy Fitch?"

"Then why did ye go slinkin' off an' not tell me a word?"

"What's that to you? Dang ye, what's that to you?"

"Why didn't ye play fair?" Hughy persisted, his body bent towards Peter, his head lowered, his eyes dully glowing.

Peter's face flared crimson; as if stung by a whip-lash, his lean figure quivered.

"Play fair?" cried he, tense and shrill. "What d' ye mean, ye whelp, ye? Who didn't play fair? Didn't I ax ye if ye had cards, an' ye hadn't? Didn't I toss ye out there on the lane, an' didn't I win? Hadn't I it in me mind that if I won I'd ax her to marry me, and if I didn't win I'd—I'd—? Who played ye false, Fitch?" growled Peter, and pushed his face closer to Hughy's. "Who played ye false?"

Hughy drew back and silently stood looking at his partner.

"Say the word again," growled Peter. "Who did ye say played ye false?"

"I take back the word, Peter," answered Hughy. "I—I was hasty. I—I said too much." He paused, looked at his boots, slowly raised his eyes. "All the same, Peter, 't would ha' been a friend's act to ha' given me a hint. Sure it would; sure ye might ha' asked me, seein' how I was thinkin', if I had—if I had e'er a word to say."

Peter laughed sardonically, turned and lifted his spade.

"Aw, deed I might," he said. "Sure, I might."

"'T would ha' done ye no harm," Hughy went on; then suddenly paused and looked at his spade. "But, sure," he mused, "it's much the same after all. Sure, she refused ye."

"Hech!" grunted Peter.

"An' that bein' so," said Hughy, as the glad light of inspiration swept dazzlingly through his brain and flashed in his eyes; "that being so, sure, things are much as they were, an' there's nothin' to hinder me—" He stopped short; looked at Lizzie; turned and gripped his spade. "Aw, just so," said he, with a wag of his head. "Aw, just so."

"Aw, 'deed ay," laughed Peter. "An' God help the

thanks be to God! He minded the time, long ago, he was ready to give her the word. Ay, he did. The word was ready, but somehow he didn't say it. He was afraid. He was unsettled. The ould mother had abused him. Somehow, the word wasn't said. Often enough since then he had thought about the matter; but somehow—och, somehow! And now? Was he more settled now—less afraid? I'll n! Still—och, still! Ah, things weren't so bad; and sure, they might mend. He'd work hard; Lizzie'd do her share. There was the bit o' land, the cow, the goat, the ducks and chickens; there was a decent house; and sure, God was good, anyway. Ay, ay! Dear, dear, the strange way things turned out! Not a notion did he have, when he left home that morning, of giving the word to the girl—not a notion. And now? Well, no matter. Maybe 'twas all for the best. Suppose he went, then and there, and asked her? He looked at Lizzie, at Peter, at the hills; rubbed his chin, looked again at Lizzie, worked a while; pondered a while, started to go, came back, started again, came back again; at last decided to put off the asking till tea-time had come with a good opportunity.

Tea-time came, and still Hughy wavered. Sure, there was no hurry? Sure, how could he say a word to the girl, and she drinking out of the same can with himself and Peter? Sure, how could he ask her, with Peter sitting there blinking and grinning at him like a mad monkey? Sure, it was time enough? He'd speak to her inside half an hour. Yes; danged but he would!

The half-hour went; an hour went; the end of the second hour saw Hughy still pondering and wavering; the third brought dusk and quitting time, and to Hughy the determination (fixed and steady) to give Lizzie the word on his way home. He hid his spade in a furrow; put on his coat, lit his pipe; with his elbow on the gate, stood waiting for Lizzie to come. He wondered how he'd start, what she'd say; he wondered how much longer she would be in takin' off her *prashkeen*. . . . What, what! Where was she going? He put his hands to his mouth and shouted—

"Hoi-i, Lizzie! Hoi-i, Lizzie!" Lizzie, as she walked away from the fire, turned her head. "Aren't ye comin' home?" shouted Hughy. "Naw," answered Lizzie, and walked on. "Where—where are ye goin', then?" "G' luck!"

Hughy stood dumb-founded. Peter came up, passed through the gateway, laughed in that sarcastic manner of his, and went up the lane towards Emo House.

"But, Lizzie!" called Hughy. "Aw, Lizzie—I say, Lizzie! Och, don't go!"

"G' luck!"

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"G' luck!"



"Aisy, now; aisy. Come back till I tell ye a story" Lizzie wa'ked on, her head back, her eyes fixed straight before her.

man, say I, that has to face the world wi' the wits of a goose!"

III.

Hughy turned to his furrow and fell a-pondering. He must take stock of things, he told himself—must look before he leaped. Peter had done no harm, and was out of the way. Yes. But think of Peter doing that—ould, ugly black Peter! Haw, haw! And think of Lizzie giving him the send-back! Haw, haw! Good for Lizzie. . . . He liked the girl—thought a power of her; he pitied her, too, from his heart—wanted to do the creature a good turn. Yes. She'd make a good, strong, healthy, willing wife; she'd keep the loneliness from him, and keep the hearthstone bright and warm; she'd—Och! she'd do more for him than he deserved. . . . Would she have him? Aw, to be sure. He wasn't Peter Jarmin,

"Aw, Lizzie!" mocked Peter in the lane. "Och, Lizzie, don't go!"

But already Lizzie was halfway across the ridges on her way towards Rhamus Hill.

For a while Hughy stood looking after her; then, suddenly, went hurrying in her steps over the potato-field, across the bottoms, along the heathery turf-banks of Emo bog. He felt a little hurt, a little vexed, a little anxious that the girl might be bent on something reckless; it was with much relief, if with a slight stab of disappointment, that he saw her bend her head and enter the smoke-wreathed portals of Anne Daly's cottage. He stopped; in the shelter of a hedge stood pondering the position. Should he follow her? No. Anne had a tongue; James a knowing way with him. Should he make for home and keep his word for the morning? No. He was tired keeping it; he'd wait for the girl. On a ditch he sat him down

and fell to humming dull time with an occasional thought an odd stave of a song, a whiff now and then of precious tobacco. He felt hungry, tired, cold. At intervals, he heard the sound of Lizzie's laughter, of Anne's skirls, of James's hollow roar; presently came the clink of spoons and the rattle of tea-cups. Ugh, he felt odious shivery, powerful empty. He tightened his belt, buttoned his coat; moved further away from the sounds of revelry. An hour passed. Ah, he was starving. Was she never coming? He rose again, climbed Rhamus Hill, scrambled across the old castle wall; with his eyes steadily fixed on the path up which Lizzie must come, stood patiently waiting. Ah, she was powerful slow in coming. Ah, he was starving, chilled—Whisht! There she was. Hurroo! He slunk from the ruins, crouched across the fields, struck the main road not far from Stonegate; there stood waiting in the black shade of the hedge.

Soon came the quick patter of Lizzie's step; out stepped Hughy upon the road and turned to meet her. With his hands deep in his pockets, and his voice vexing the night with a tuneless stave from "Norah Creina," aimlessly (so

"Och, not at all. Woman alive, a day an' a night!" "We were thinkin' in 'Pat Anne's,'" said Lizzie quietly, "that mebbe ye'd be cowl'd yonder on the ditch."

"Aw," said Hughy, and missed a step; "aw! An' did ye see me? Did ye, now? Sure—sure. Och, Lizzie, I was sore to see ye goin' off like that. Sure, I thought it strange. An'—an' I had a word to say to ye." Hughy sidled across the road towards Lizzie. "I—I wanted to—to—" Hughy sidled back again. "What was this Peter Jarmin was sayin' to ye?" he asked in a little while. "He seemed ojus put out about somethin'; ay, he did."

"Is that so?" "Ay. He looked as black as the divil. He swore powerful. He called ye—och, all the names in the world."

"An' ye listened to him!" "Listen? An' what else could I do? Wasn't I joyed to see him like that, an' to hear him?" Hughy turned on the road. "Be the Lord, I nearly took him be the throat when he said what he'd been at. The little black crow!" Hughy walked on a yard or two, then went shuffling across

road. Lizzie shivered, sighed softly, glanced towards Hughy. "Och!" moaned she. "Aw, dear!" Hughy turned his head and went sidling towards Lizzie. Lizzie dropped her eyes and went sidling towards Hughy. They touched elbows about the middle of the road.

"You're lonesome, Lizzie?" asked Hughy, in a little while.

"Aw, no—no—sure, it's nothin'."

"But ye are. I know it. Haven't I seen ye all day long? Didn't I hear ye sighin' not a minute ago. I say, Lizzie, what is it?"

"It's nothin', nothin'," answered Lizzie, almost in a sob. "Aw, it's nothin'."

"But it is somethin'," persisted Hughy. "I know it is. Niver before did I see ye in such a humour. God knows, I'd do anything to—to— Och, woman dear!"

Hughy's fountain of speech dried suddenly. His throat was parched; his heart was thumping. He bowed his head, rubbed his chin, walked on by Lizzie's side in solemn pondering. How was he to get out the word? he asked himself over and over again. How was he to start?

Once more Lizzie sighed and murmured, "Och, och!" Hughy glanced at her.

"Lizzie," said he. "I say, Lizzie."

"Well, Hughy?"

"Would ye—were ye in earnest, the day, about Ameriky? Were ye, now?"

"In earnest? Aw, God knows I was."

"An' why were ye? Woman, dear, didn't ye know—don't ye know—"

The word would not come, and below his breath Hughy cursed his impotent tongue. What ailed him? He felt flummoxed, strange, queer entirely.

"Aw," cried he presently; "aw, don't ye know, Lizzie? Don't ye know?"

"What? What, Hughy?"

"Why, that—that—" Hughy stopped. "Aw, curse me for a fool, that can't get a word out of me! I'm—I'm—See here, Lizzie, have pity on one. Can't ye say a word to help one?"

Lizzie looked slyly up at this big, slow Hughy, and her eyes were gleaming.

"Say a word, Hughy? Arrah, what could I say?"

"Tell me you'll—och, ye know what I mean."

"Is it anything about—Peter, Hughy?"

"Aw, Peter! Hang his black carcass!"

"Is it anything about yourself, then, Hughy?"

"Ay, it is. About me—self an' you, Lizzie."

"Somethin', mebbe, about the ould days," Lizzie went on, and slyly watched Hughy beneath

the peak of her cap, "when ye used to—to—?"

"Yis, yis," cried Hughy. "Go on, Lizzie."

"When ye used to sit wi' your toes in the ashes, an' throw sheep's eyes at me, an' glower at the ould mother, God help her, an'—"

"Yis, yis," cried Hughy. "That's it, Lizzie."

"An' ye used to—Aw, how can I say it?"

"Ah, do, Lizzie. For God's sake do, woman!"

"Ye used to—to—sit wi' your arm round me, an'—an' kiss me at the dure, an'—"

Like a man, Hughy turned on the road and took Lizzie to his heart.

"Aw, yis, Lizzie," said he; "aw, yis. Aw, woman dear—aw, woman dear! At last, at last! An' ye'll have me, Lizzie? Say it woman, say it!"

Lizzie raised her eyes.

"Sure, it looks like it," said she; then, with a little cry, threw her arms round big Hughy's neck. "Aw, Hughy," cried she. "Aw, Hughy! Aw, the weary day it's been—the long, weary day! An' now—an' now— Aw, Hughy, me son!"

And the hedges sang, and the trees moaned soothingly, and old earth spun merrily beneath the feet of these two, standing there in their eternal youth with their eternal story.

THE END.



The two slowly tramped between the fourteen hedges, poplars, naked apple-trees. Not a word fell from either.

he affected it) he went sauntering along; presently met Lizzie, passed her with a gruff "Good-night," suddenly wheeled about, caught her up, and peered round into her face.

"Why," said he, and slapped his leg; "dang me, if it isn't herself! Well, well." Without a word, Lizzie walked on. "Now, who'd ha' thought it," Hughy continued, and shortened his stride; "who'd ha' thought this was goin' to happen to me? Here was I just foolin' along, singing to meself an' settlin' me supper, when someone passes. 'Good night,' says I, like that, and walks on; then stops as if somethin' hit me; hurries back, an' there—there was Lizzie herself. Well now; well now." Lizzie moved as far away from Hughy as the width of the road permitted. "An'—an' how is it," asked Hughy, in a while, "that ye'd be these parts at this time o' night? Sure, I thought ye were at home hours ago."

"Did ye?" came across the road.

"Aw, to be sure. Why, woman alive, it's gone supper-time; it's nine o'clock if it's a second."

"I know. How long'd it be, now, since yourself said good-bye to the supper-pot, Hughy Fitch?"

"Aw, a good while, Lizzie; it'd be a good while."

"A matter of a day an' a night, mebbe?"

the road. "But sure—sure it's all the same now. Sure it's just the same as if he'd niver said a word to ye, Lizzie."

"Is that so?" said Lizzie.

"Ay; it's just the same. Be the powers! but ye served him right. But ye paid him out in fine style," Hughy laughed, slapped his knee, edged still closer to Lizzie. "What in glory, anyway, did ye say to him?"

"Nothin', Hughy Fitch, I haven't said before, maybe; an' nothin' I wouldn't say again to another if I wanted to."

"Ay? Aw, just so. Nothin' ye haven't said before; nothin' ye wouldn't say to another? Ay." Hughy took to his own side of the way; hung his head, went slouching along with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the dust. "Aw, just so," he muttered. "Ay, indeed."

The two passed Lacken Lough, went up Lacken Brae; slowly tramped between the fourteen hedges, poplars, naked apple-trees. Not a word fell from either; not a soul did they meet; not a light blinked in a cottage; not a sound but the bitter whistling of the wind in the hedges vexed their ears. The night was dark; gloomy and low, the sky went rushing past; naked and forlorn, the wind-swept fields stretched away right and left of the weary



MAN WITH A STICK.—[AFTER THE PICTURE BY REMBRANDT IN THE LOUVRE.]

From an Engraving by Charles Daude, Exhibited at the Salon d. s Champs Elysées, Paris.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY. XX.—CUDDALORE.

The American War, which is said to have cost England about 50,000 men and £130,000,000, was nearing its close (in 1782) when another severe tax was put upon England's military resources in the opposite part of the globe. Clive and Hastings had already established our empire in India, but that empire was still resisted by many of the native Princes, and by none more desperately than by Hyder Ali, the usurper of Mysore, who had overrun the Carnatic, defeated our levies, and taken Arcot. This result had been due as much to the folly of the Governor of Madras as to the ferocity of Hyder Ali, so the former was supplanted by Sir Eyre Coote, who had worsted the French at Pondicherry in the last war, and who was now appointed the task of stemming the tide of Hyder's reactionary conquests. The crisis was a very grave one, for if a fresh armament from France could reach Madras before Hyder was disposed of, the two might conjoin their forces and make us relax our hold on India altogether. Hyder himself was at the head of a mixed force of foot, horse, and artillery far superior in point of number to that of Sir Eyre Coote, who could dispose of no more than about seven thousand men of all arms, including but one European regiment—that of the Macleod or 73rd Highlanders (now the 2nd Battalion of the "Black Watch"). This could muster no more than about five hundred men after the disaster of Conjeveram, which had almost been to the British in India what the

Coote was deliberating with his officers whether he should deliver a flank or frontal attack on Hyder's redoubts when someone called his attention to what had all the appearance of being a newly made road through a line of sandhills. As a matter of fact, this road had been constructed by Hyder overnight, with intent to wait until the English had developed their expected attack in front, and then pour upon them his clouds of overwhelming cavalry. But he was hoist with his own petard. For the road in question was at once utilised by Coote to give a flanking direction to his troops, headed over by the gallant 73rd, under Colonel James Crawford; and for the moment confusion began to seize upon Hyder's miscellaneous thousands, many of them in helmets and chain armour, with spears and shields, but most of them with matchlocks. The louder grew the din of battle, the louder blew the pipers of the 73rd in their waving tartans, as if their instruments were more effective weapons of war than any guns and bayonets, so that Sir Eyre, struck with the audacity of one of these wild musicians, and with the enthusiasm which his strains instilled into the men, rode up to him and cried, "Well done, my brave fellow! You shall have a set of silver pipes for this." And a set of silver pipes, with a suitable inscription, was accordingly presented to the regiment which had thus done so much to quell the pride of Hyder Ali.

The battle had begun at nine in the morning, and by five in the afternoon the pipers of the 73rd were screaming forth their paeans, or pibrochs, of victory within the lines of Cuddalore, which were encumbered with the loss of 3000

ST. AUGUSTINE CELEBRATIONS.

The Roman Catholics of England had a great gathering last week at Ramsgate to celebrate the thirteenth centenary of the landing of St. Augustine and his monks on our shores. At Ebbfleet on Tuesday, High Mass was sung by Cardinal Vaughan in a monster tent accommodating nearly two thousand people. Most of the Roman Catholic Bishops, together with a large number of their clergy and their flocks, assisted at the ceremony. The Bishop of Newport, the most accomplished member of the hierarchy, was chosen to be the preacher on the occasion, and the congregation included the ubiquitous leader of the Roman Catholic laity, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl-Marshal and Postmaster-General. France had proved its neighbourliness by sending over Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, a distinguished member of the French Academy as well as of the Sacred College. The Cardinal is an Oratorian, the Congregation of Priests which was founded by St. Philip Neri in Rome, and was introduced to Birmingham by Newman and to London by Faber. Though Cardinal Perraud reads English and talks it, he did not feel equal to the delivery of his address at Ramsgate in any but his native tongue. Another French ecclesiastic present was the Archpriest of the Cathedral at Arles, a city in which St. Augustine rested on his way from Rome to England, with a letter of introduction from Pope Gregory to the then Archbishop of that ancient see.

The Catholic Truth Society, which held its annual Conference at Ramsgate simultaneously with the



Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CELEBRATION OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTENARY OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S LANDING AT EBBSFLEET: THE PROCESSION TO THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

destruction of Bradlock's force had proved to the British in America, filling the dungeons of Seringapatam with the victims of Hyder Ali's treachery and cruelty, including that David Baird, of the 73rd, who was chained by the leg for three years to another prisoner. "God pity the chiel that's chained to oor Davie!" exclaimed Baird's fine old Scottish mother on hearing what had befallen her Titanically energetic son; but meanwhile "Davie" was picking a very fine rod indeed for the back of his torturer, or rather of his son, when, a few years later, at the head once more of his Highland bayonets, he should come face to face with him on the ramparts of Seringapatam. Cuddalore had been preceded by Conjeveram, and it was on this latter field that the disaster of the British had been completed by the furious charge of Hyder Ali's swarthy squadrons, led on by his son and successor, Tippoo, as shown in one of our illustrations.

Cuddalore, which, after Conjeveram, had been occupied by the victorious Hyder, stands on the Coromandel coast about six-and-a-half miles south of Pondicherry; and on July 1, 1781, Sir Eyre Coote, coming from Calcutta with his handful of combatants, landed at Porto Novo and at once attacked. Hyder had strengthened his position with a chain of formidable redoubts, and, apart from his masses of infantry, he had clouds of horse and forty-seven guns. Sir Eyre Coote marshalled his little army in two lines; the first, with the 73rd Highlanders on the right, being under Sir Hector Munro, and the other commanded by Major-General Stewart. The verdant plain between the sea and the objective of the British attack was very favourable for the operations of Hyder's cavalry, but his audacious horsemen were repeatedly driven off by well-sustained salvos of musketry and cannon-shot, and Sir Eyre

killed and wounded on the side of Hyder, who fled himself as swift as his horse could carry him to Arcot, raving out imprecations upon his conquerors.

On Aug. 27 following, Sir Eyre Coote again engaged the forces of Hyder, and totally defeated them with the loss of only 400 men. A month later still Hyder was again worsted with terrible loss, ceding to his conquerors—among whom the depleted 73rd still held a foremost place—some of the chief strongholds in the Carnatic. In 1783 Cuddalore once more formed the bone of contention between the British—who had meanwhile received considerable reinforcement from England, including the 78th Highlanders, or "Ross-shire Buffs"—and the forces of Hyder Ali, acting under the Marquis de Bussy, with a large French contingent. For several days Trojan conflicts again raged round the lines of Cuddalore. On June 13 it was planned that the British should deliver their assault by the simultaneous advance of three columns, but, the signal being misunderstood, these columns would have been met and beaten in detail but for the boldness of Colonel Stewart "with the precious remains of the 73rd," who rushed forward and seized some redoubts, which enabled them to change the fate of the day. On June 25 the British repulsed with great loss a furious sortie by the French, one of the wounded among the latter being a Sergeant Bernadotte, who was destined yet to win one of the Great Napoleon's batons and receive the crown of Sweden. A week later the news reached Cuddalore of the conclusion of peace preliminaries between France and England. But Tippoo Sahib, who had succeeded to his deceased father, Hyder Ali, continued to oppose the British until his ferocious power was finally broken, sixteen years later, by the bayonets of "oor Davie" on the battered ramparts of Seringapatam. CHARLES LOWE.

Augustinian celebration, held a large number of meetings, at one of which a letter was read from Pope Leo XIII., who had a special representative present in the person of Archbishop Stonor, the member of a noble English family which has furnished many popular querries and ladies-in-waiting at Windsor and at Marlborough House, and which has furnished with faithful servants the Palace of the Vatican. In an exhaustive address on Monday night, Cardinal Vaughan drew a parallel between the ecclesiastical position in England in the sixth century and that which now exists. To the alliance between France and Russia, in another speech, the Cardinal alluded in terms which conveyed more than a mere compliment to the Frenchmen among his hearers. For the coming together of France and Russia is a certain set-off against the Triple Alliance, not beloved of the Vatican.

Finally, the proceedings were further enlivened by the entertainments given in connection with the prize-day at St. Augustine's College, Ramsgate, closely connected with the name of Pugin, and conducted by a community of Benedictine monks, at the head of whom is Abbot Bergh, a man of light and leading, who is understood to be preparing for publication the first really serious and standard life of the saint in whose honour the festivities of the week have been held with so much effect and feeling.

Canon Liddon, in his recently published posthumous commentary on Timothy, interprets the requirement that a Bishop should be the husband of one wife as meaning that he should not be twice married. The *Guardian* agrees in this, but thinks that the rule does not exactly hold in these days, but was suited for the time.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY. No. XX.—CUDDALORE



TIPPOO SAHIB CHARGING THE BRITISH LINES AT THE HEAD OF HYDER ALI'S CAVALRY.

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

BATTLES OF THE BRITISH ARMY: No XX.—CUDDALORE.



SIR EYRE COOTE AND THE 73RD AT CUDDALORE.

"Well done, my brave fellow! You shall have a set of silver pipes for this."

Drawn by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: PACKERS FORDING A RIVER ON THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE GOLD-FIELDS.

By Permission of "Leipziger Weekly."



SHOOTING ELK IN THE FAR NORTH.

From the Painting by R. Caton Woodville, R.I.

TWO FESTIVALS AT CAIRO.

BY DEAN BUTCHER.

Within the last few weeks Cairo has been twice *en fête*. The Birthday of the Prophet and the Festival of the Nile have both been celebrated. Seventeen years ago the great annual fête of the Molid-en-Nebi, or Birthday of the Prophet, was accompanied in Cairo by an extraordinary and cruel ceremony—namely, the Doseh or Trampling, when a Sheikh, generally a man of venerable age and portly figure, rode on a heavy horse over a line of prostrate men. The ceremony was carefully described in the books of the older Egyptian travellers, notably by the erudite Lane in the "Modern Egyptians." Owing to the representations of some English officials, the late Khedive Tewfik abolished it directly he was convinced that the men were really injured by the horse's hoofs, and that the holiness of the rider did not neutralise the damage naturally inflicted by his weight. Now robbed of this relic of fanaticism and folly, the Molid-en-Nebi is a picturesque sight. It is worth describing, not only because it is a brilliant spectacle, but because, as Oriental Cairo is being thrust into the background by Occidental Cairo, what we have lost in characteristic beauty we gain in *bizarre* contrasts. Within the last twelvemonth the electric tram has invaded Cairo, and now grave Sheikhs, swarthy Berbers, gaunt Bedouins, gigantic Tunisians, and misshapen Eunuchs are to be found on any great occasion jostling each other for seats in the tram-car, clinging on behind, hanging by the sides, and presenting the strangest medley of the old and the new one can imagine.

We drove on a glorious moonlight night to the Abbasiyeh, where the Molid has been held for several years. It will not be held there long, for bricks and mortar are encroaching on the desert. First it was held in an open place whereon the Tewfikieh suburb now rises. Next, it was pushed out to a more removed ground on the road to Masry-el-Ateeka (it was here that the Prince of Wales saw it), but this space is being rapidly built over, so now the festival has pitched its tents in a broad space of desert north-east of Cairo; but the builders and contractors and architects will soon have choked up this lung of the city, and then the Prophet's Birthday Feast will have to be kept somewhere else.

The road by which the scene of the festival is reached was densely crowded. Clanging tramears, pattering donkeys, open victorias, closed broughams containing veiled ladies, preceded by the syces or running footmen—all the medley masquerade of nations, creeds, and costumes that the Cairene streets outpour in "numbers numberless," swarm around us, and all are in excellent spirits, for there is a "fantasia" toward, and every Cairene loves a fantasia as the man in the "Arabian Nights" loved cream cakes without pepper. The word has many senses. Primarily it is a spectacle or show, but if you tell a carpenter that you want a little scroll-work on a piece of furniture, or a bookbinder that you want a gilt pattern on the back of a volume, you say, "I want 'fantasia,'" and he understands you at once. It means anything festive or out of the common, anything tending to the ornamentation or beautifying of life. But this is a digression. On we go, passing the tall houses of the Sharia-el-Zahir, until we reach the desert. To the left rises the Red Mountain, the "red Mokattam's verge" of Browning, where the Caliph Hakim, founder of the Druses, vanished from earth. Then, when the houses are left well behind, the encampment came into view. First shabby and tattered tents and booths with swings, roundabouts, and sweetstuff

shops—all the apparatus of a country fair, where mountebanks tumble and magicians bang drums and blow trumpets without mercy or merriment. Truly, the old Shakesperian word, "a noise," describes a band of music in Egypt. These passed, the statelier part of the show begins. We find ourselves in a large square of magnificent pavilions, blazing with lanterns and huge chandeliers. Nothing can be more effective than these large tents of scarlet and green drapery covered with Arabic inscriptions. Here for three days the Sheikhs and notables of Islam gather and receive their friends.

Nearly all day and all night the Koran is recited in some of the tents to devout crowds. At other times the strange religious dances called Zikrs are performed. Groups of dervishes arrange themselves in circles and recite the sacred name and the short confession of faith in a low, chanting voice, hundreds and even thousands of times. They hold on until their strength is exhausted, awaying their heads, their bodies, or their arms without rest or weariness to the music of the reed pipe or the drum. These are the religious features of the Molid, and though they sound trivial, they are done with so much serious fervour, and the figures engaged with their flowing robes

maiden, was dropped with many ceremonies into the stream, and in more recent times a cross, blessed by the Patriarch, was substituted. There is a story that in Mohammedan times a human victim was sacrificed, but this is in all probability an invention. It belongs to the long list of stories of maidens being offered as a tribute to the sea and river monsters which are found in all lands and ages. There seems absolutely no historical basis for the story. The Moslem stopped the ceremony of the virgin's hand and burned down the church where the relic was deposited. So the Christians withdrew from the pageant, though they hold services of prayer begging for "a good Nile" all over the country in the month of August. A doll, called "The Bride," is borne in a gaily beflagged ship, and this is the only survival of the Christian custom which for so many centuries consecrated the old nature-myth. The cutting is now a thing of the past, for the Khalig is being rapidly filled up, and its ancient course is destined to be marked by the inevitable tram-line. The Government have wisely resolved not to deprive the people of a popular holiday, and so on Aug. 18 tents were pitched and fireworks displayed in honour of the rise of the wonderful river

which old travellers believed to be one of the streams which watered Paradise, and whose gift to man is the Land of Egypt.



THE VISIT OF THE KING OF SIAM TO PRINCE BISMARCK.

Photo Max Priester.

and stately grace are so absorbed in every detail of the ritual, that you are sorry when the swish of rockets, the roar of bombs, and all the glitter and crackle of the concluding display of fireworks break in upon the grave religious ceremonial. But after the last cracker has sputtered out, the mutter of the Koran readers and the chant of the dervishes, "Lâ ilâha illa-llâh," are still audible through the night. At daybreak the tents are struck. At noon the next day not a sign was visible of the splendid encampment—and a solitary British soldier in Kharki uniform was strolling leisurely across the scene of the pageant.

The Feast of the Cutting of the Khalig, which I have described before in *The Illustrated London News*, has, strictly speaking, ceased to exist. It originally consisted in the cutting away of a dam at the influx of the Khalig or City Canal (the original Annis Trajanus) and the admission of the waters of Old Nile to pour over the land.

Antiquarians say that the old myth of the marriage of Earth and Water found an expressive emblem in this act. At all events, it became very early an excuse for a festival disfigured by much coarse license, which the Christian Church purified and invested with a religious character by lowering the embalmed body of a virgin saint into the water.

Later, a holy relic, usually the hand of a martyred

the past which characterises Chulalongkorn led him to decorate the tomb of the Emperor Frederick with a wreath in remembrance. On Sept. 2 the King gratified what must long have been a keen ambition by visiting Bismarck at Friedrichsruhe. The Prince is old, but he is a marvel of strength still, even in retirement. The accompanying picture of the visit which the Siamese King paid the man of iron clearly indicates the wonder with which the little King regarded the grand old man of Germany, full of years and responsibilities, yet firm as of old, and looking strong enough to steer the ship again, if his imperial master thought it fit to take back the veteran pilot.

A Parliamentary paper has been published, which contains the agreement between Great Britain and China, modifying the Convention of March 1, 1894, relative to Burma and Tibet, which was signed at Peking on Feb. 4. The modifications relate almost entirely to matters concerning the frontier.

Father Wade, of the 'British Territory' on the West Coast of Africa, is at present in England doing his best to obtain subscriptions for the founding of schools in the cause of the civilisation of the country. Father Wade's excellent work of social elevation is well known to the officers of the late Ashanti Expedition, for he accompanied the troops to Coomassie and received the Ashanti Star.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

The Church Congress of 1897 assembles next week at Nottingham. It has been there before, for in 1871, when the Congress kept its eleventh anniversary, Nottingham was the meeting-place. But that was in the days when the see of Southwell had not been founded. Nottingham was still in the diocese of Lincoln; Bishop Christopher Wordsworth was its Bishop, and therefore President of the Congress. More than a quarter of a century has passed since that Congress, and a survey of the names upon its programme is a sharp reminder of the Church's losses in the interval. Of those who took part in the work of 1871, many are no longer with us. Bishop Christopher Wordsworth is gone; and the names of Thomson, Benson, Lightfoot, Fraser, Thorold, and Walsham How speak also of heavy losses. But the present Archbishop of York was there, with the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Liverpool, the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. King), the Bishop of Melbourne, Dean Farrar, Dean Gregory, and others, who are still rendering service to the Church. Bishop Barry's name is on both programmes, a distinction he enjoys in company with the present Bishop of Lincoln and with Lord Nelson. The Congress of 1871 was a distinct success, a good omen for that of 1897.

Nottingham enjoys some obvious advantages as a meeting-place for such a gathering. It is not in a corner of the kingdom, as Congress towns occasionally are. It has a large population of its own; it stands in a thickly peopled county; and its Church life is vigorous. It is ancient enough in point of origin, and modern enough in its vigorous municipal life. The associations suggested by its castle, originally built by the Conqueror, with an eye to Sherwood Forest; by the turbulent history of its special trades; by its neighbour Newark, and by that other neighbour, Newstead Abbey, are varied enough to satisfy any reasonable inquirer. But this year's Congress has a character of its own apart from its meeting-place. It is the year of the Lambeth Conference, and many of the Anglican prelates from distant parts of the world have delayed their departure in order to attend the Congress. It is expected that the platform of Nottingham will display such a galaxy of Bishops as has never before been seen at such a gathering. Deans on this occasion will be nothing accounted of, and Canon will all for the time be minor attractions.

Of the prelates from abroad whose names are upon the Congress programme, two—the Bishop of Iowa and the Coadjutor Bishop of Springfield—are from the United States. The Bishop of Iowa, Dr. Perry, is one of the most learned of American prelates, and is understood to have published more books than any other clergyman in his Church. He is among the American Bishops who are known upon this side of the Atlantic. He has attended three of the Lambeth Conferences, and holds degrees from Oxford and Dublin. The Coadjutor Bishop of Springfield, Dr. Hale, is sometimes known as the Bishop of Cairo, not because he has any episcopal relations with the ancient Egypt, but because his special charge is that part of the State of Illinois which is known as Egypt, and has Cairo for its capital. He, too, has been a prolific author and a wide traveller, whose ecclesiastical sympathies have been drawn out very much towards the Churches of the East. Of the Colonial prelates whose names are on the programme, the Archbishop of Sydney is perhaps the best known in England. Dr. Saumarez Smith was chosen out of a small list when Bishop Barry resigned his Australian

work to come home as a helper to Bishop Thorold in the diocese of Rochester. He was then Principal of St. Aidan's College, and, like his relative, Chancellor P. V. Smith, who also speaks at the Congress, he had a very distinguished career at Cambridge. The Archbishop of Ontario, Dr. Lewis, is an Irishman, a graduate of Trinity College, a former missionary of the S.P.G., and one of the originators of the Lambeth Conference. The Bishop of Calcutta, who is to preach one of the Congress sermons as well as to speak, has seen twenty-one years of work in India. Dr. Johnson was a Cheshire incumbent and Archdeacon of Chester when he was invited to fill the oldest of the Indian sees in succession to Milman. The Bishop of Natal carries a title associated with one of the most prolonged and painful controversies in the history of the English Church. But Bishop Hamilton Baynes inherits nothing of the bad feeling aroused by that controversy. He will be peculiarly welcome at Nottingham, for he was first curate of St. Mary's and then Vicar

son, curiously enough, of the late Mr. Alexander Haldane, Shaftesbury's friend, and editor of the *Record*—and the Bishop of Edinburgh. Dr. Dowden, though a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, is an Irishman, born in Cork, an *alumnus* of Trinity, and an elder brother of Professor Dowden, the Shaksperian scholar. When the Bishops—and we have not exhausted the list, for the Bishop of Ripon, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Newcastle, and the Bishop of Grahamstown are due to appear—offer so much of interest, what may not be hoped for from the rank and file? No doubt Nottingham will score a second success.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Worcester has just baptised his only surviving grandson in his Cathedral. The water used was brought from the river Jordan by the

baptised his only surviving grandson in his Cathedral. The water used was brought from the river Jordan by the

In unveiling the memorial recently erected in Kelso Church, Dean Kitchin quoted Henry Morley as describing Mrs. Browning as "the best English poetess of her own or any time." The Dean went on to say that "Mr. Morley was a consummate judge of literary thought and form, whose opinion is to be trusted." To both judgments some of us might seriously demur.

A fox-hunting rector of the old school has passed away in the Rev. John Wyndham, M.A., Rector of Sutton Mandeville. Mr. Wyndham died in his eighty-sixth year, and was well known as a first-rate shot.

Mr. J. F. Green, who held a curacy in Westminster about twelve years ago, has been adopted as Socialist and Labour candidate for Finsbury by the Independent Labour Party, the Social Democratic Federation, and the Secular Society.

Canon Winnington Ingram has resigned his rectorship of St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, and expects to resign his position as Head of Oxford House at the end of the year.

The new Archdeacon of Llandaff is the Rev. F. W. Edmondes, Rector of Coity, near Bridgend, who comes from a good Glamorganshire stock. Mr. Edmondes could not speak Welsh at the time he was inducted, but is now able to preach in that language.

The rumour that Bishop Westcott is to resign the see of Durham is doubted by his friends, who say that as long as

he has any measure of health he is by no means likely to give up his work. Happily, by the last accounts the Bishop is considerably better. Even if he is compelled to resign, he will, no doubt, continue to serve the Church by adding to his valuable writings.

We are to have two volumes of the letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, many of them published for the first time.

The religious papers, both Church and Nonconformist, have naturally given much attention to the career of the late Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*. Mr. Hutton was for some time a candidate for the Unitarian ministry, but failed as a preacher. He joined the Church of England under the influence of Maurice, and continued a devoted adherent. For a long time he was strongly opposed to High Churchism; but latterly he altered his position, and was in the habit of attending early celebration. He had also close relations with the Roman Catholic Church, and used to go to High Mass. He died, however, in the communion of the Church of England.



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Bishop of Derby.



THE MOST REV. W. SAUMAREZ SMITH, D.D.,
Primate of Australia.



THE RIGHT REV. EDWARD KING, D.D.,
Bishop of Lincoln.



THE RIGHT REV. C. R. HALE, D.D.,
Coadjutor Bishop of Springfield, Illinois.



THE RIGHT REV. E. R. JOHNSON, D.D.,
Bishop of Calcutta.



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN PERCIVAL, LL.D.,
Bishop of Hereford.



THE MOST REV. JOHN T. LEWIS, LL.D.,
Archbishop of Ontario.



THE RIGHT REV. A. HAMILTON BAYNES, D.D.,
Bishop of Natal.



THE RIGHT REV. JOHN DOWDEN, D.D.,
Bishop of Edinburgh.

SOME ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS PRESENT AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NOTTINGHAM.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

of St. James's before he became Domestic Chaplain to Archbishop Benson. He has Nonconformist connections, and is an Oxford First Classman.

The home episcopate is to be strongly represented at the Congress. The Archbishop of Canterbury is to be there, and will address a working-men's meeting as well as preach one of the sermons. The Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. King) will keep in countenance the President. The Bishop of Derby—who was an Assistant-Master at Winchester when his diocese, the Bishop of Southwell, was Head-Master—has been an active worker for the Congress. The Bishop of Hereford is to be very prominent, and his repeated appearances lend some countenance to the criticism that this is pre-eminently a Schoolmasters' Congress. But Dr. Percival's fame is not dependent only upon his success as a schoolmaster. The Liberal sentiments of which he is an exponent will be freely represented at this Congress. The sister Church of Ireland has no Bishop on the programme this year; but Scotland has the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, a decided High Churchman—who is a



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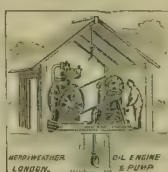
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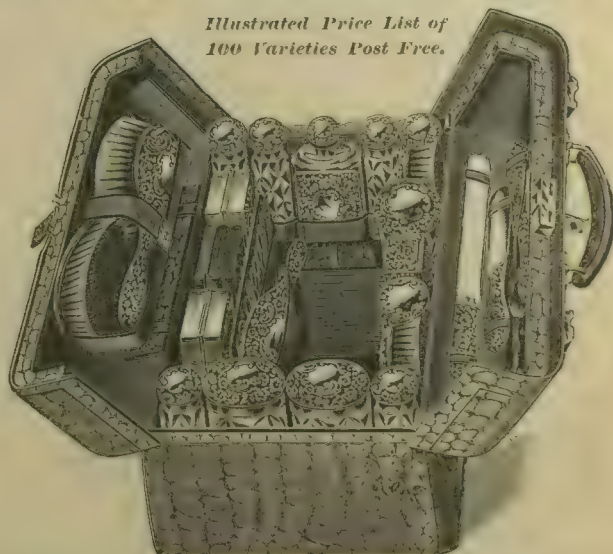
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LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

An old love, which fashion is pleased to revive this year, is frisé velvet. This appears in black, in colours, and also with a plaid foundation and design in black. Under these last conditions it makes one of the most charming gowns just emanated from an atelier in Paris, the skirt being entirely of this plaid frisé velvet, the bodice being of fine cashmere cloth in blue, made in pouch style, and with just a touch of blue and green in plain colours at the waist. An entire costume made of black frisé velvet, with the skirt plain and the bodice of the Russian order, is also a late arrival from the modish capital, and this has braces of jet and an inner waistcoat of plain black velours, showing a cravat of cream-coloured lace. The Russian blouse style of coat is certainly the most popular of all styles for the season. It is not alone to be obtained in velvet or in fur, when it needs perhaps a slim figure to best exploit its advantages, but it may be seen in cloth and also in black satin or in poplin.

Among the popular materials, moiré velours continues to hold its own, the latest novelty of this being interwoven with tinsel in broad stripes. A most successful example of this fabric assumes the tone of real steel grey, a tone which has always been exceedingly difficult to get in silk, and therefore the more welcome. This moiré velours hangs well and is delightfully inexpensive, an excellent quality being obtainable for 4s. 11d. a yard, but this is a detail. Let me to more serious matters—to the prevalence of velvet ribbon trimmings and to the chronicling of a charming white net evening dress trimmed with pink velvet ribbons and innumerable little flounces. A remarkably pretty trimming for the hems of a plain silk skirt may be achieved by three-inch wide gathered frills, set closely one to the other from two small tucks of the silk. I do not see much sign of the skirts being trimmed from the waist to the hem, the best of the models showing the trimming set round the figure, and that flounced skirt which put in its appearance in the early spring, the flounces without any fullness—merely straight gored pieces, one laid on the top of the other—is becoming very popular. It needs clever cutting, but when this is assured it will set well and give unto the short figure a suggestion of height. This is a somewhat unusual virtue to be possessed of a trimmed skirt.

I have seen a new fur this week: shiny of surface, it looks for all the world as if it had been dragged from the back of a black smooth-haired terrier. It lacks charm, save, perhaps, that it can be made to fit the figure well, and it is trimmed with a mink collar bound with ermine. The combination of mink and sable with ermine is immensely popular, but undoubtedly the most successful for this year is broad-tail—this is also the most expensive, and it calls aloud for facings of ermine and hems of sable,



COSTUME OF GREY CLOTH.

and looks its best made in the Russian blouse style, worn with a light coloured leather belt linked with silver. A quite delightful effect is gained by a vivid green belt on a black broad-tail coat, the belt to be narrow, measuring scarcely anything over an inch, and being joined with filigree clasps of silver.

But talking of belts reminds me of the latest novelty which I met yesterday. It was in grey suede, with small

plaques of smoked pearl set round it at intervals in frames of cut steel. Belts are indeed a feature, having become so, of course, by reason of the popularity of the pouched bodice. Very elaborate belts are made of miniatures studded with diamonds and joined with double chains of silver. These look lovely on a tea-gown of pale coloured velveteen, and velveteen has many devotees at the moment. The most successful new colour this year is mouse-grey. A long straight dress made in this, with some old lace about the neck and a belt of miniatures set with diamonds round the waist, is quite a joy to the eye of the beholder.

Of course, for children there is no material more delightful than velveteen for winter wear. I am never tired of mentioning this, and the popular style of coat and skirt will look its best on a young girl if made in brown corduroy velveteen. This worn with a silken shirt of apricot, pale green, or a tender Wedgwood blue, and crowned with a Tam-o'-Shanter hat of the velveteen, or a hat with a beef-eater crown and a cluster of brown feathers at one side, makes an ideal costume, becoming, indeed, to every child. But I have just mentioned a tender shade of Wedgwood blue, and not remarked on the fact that it is one of the latest novelties of fashion. It is perfectly beautiful in tone, and makes the most delightful little toques of velvet trimmed with shaded ostrich feathers. All shades of blue are used to make hats this year. I saw a most delicious toque at Jay's of blue velvet in one tone with rosettes of velvets of various other tones at one side, the brim being encircled by a wreath of dyed heather with a purple bloom upon it. And talking of hats reminds me of a particularly successful one worn by Miss Beatrice Lamb in the Drury Lane melodrama. This has a Tuscan crown and a fanciful brim lined underneath with bright green chiffon and trimmed with many plumes culled from the poultry yard. It crowns a costume of tan-coloured cloth braided on the tabs with white braid and worn with a waistcoat shot with green, the effect being particularly happy.

The dresses sketched are worthy examples of the modes of the moment. The one is a costume of grey cloth trimmed with elaborate braidings, a pouched front set into tucks, confined at the waist by a jewelled belt, and the grey velvet hat is trimmed with grey ostrich feathers and scarves of grey Terry velvet.

The evening dress is made of black net kilted over a white satin lining. It is decked round the hips and on the bust with white satin ribbons, the frills on the sleeves and the skirt being decorated with bands of black velvet.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

There is a perennial topic for the "silly season" of this end of the century in the domestic servant question. Judging by the number of newspapers which find it possible to get a flood of correspondence on the subject, it is one of real difficulty in all parts of the country. Everywhere the statement is made that it is not merely a question of getting good servants, but of securing any sort of female house-workers. Ladies pathetically tell how they advertise again and again, and haunt registry-offices day after day, without finding any girl willing to accept a comfortable home and comparatively light work and good wages. On the other hand, we hear endless tales of the low wages that girls can earn in other occupations that yet have no difficulty in procuring sufficient supplies of labour. During the sitting of the Trades Union Congress at Birmingham, Lady Dilke addressed a meeting called by the Women's Protective and Provident League, and stated that she had ascertained that 50,000 female hands are employed in factories in the town at very low wages. She said that women were working sixteen hours a day for 4s. 6d. a week. Makers of spike nails earned only that sum, and a girl earned ordinarily only 2s. 6d. a week. Women ground 170 gross of steel pens for 2s. Now, compared with this, a domestic servant's wages are high, for she has all the necessities of life provided for her except clothing; she is fed, lodged, and warmed at her master's cost, and has, over and above that, more actual money-wages than the total earned by the factory girl. Why, then, do girls prefer the factory?

Doubtless there are various reasons for the unpopularity of domestic service, one of which is its very name. As every person who works under the orders of another for wages is a servant, it is unfortunate that the name of servant is confined to our domestic helpers; it assists in producing an impression among the more respectable class of working girls that to be a housemaid or cook is a more degraded, more slavish position than to be a shop-girl or a barmaid, or a dressmaker. Then there is the fact that though the hours of hard work for domestics are not (in ordinary places) long, yet the time on duty is long. The resolution passed at the Trades Union Congress, that the hours of labour for domestic servants should be fixed by law at seventy per week, is utterly preposterous. The working men had better try how it would work out with their domestic servants, their wives: let them make a "self-denying ordinance" that when "the Missus" has made the fire, dressed the children, got the family breakfast, made the beds, scrubbed out a room, cooked the dinner, washed up, nursed the baby, and mended the clothes, from six o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, she shall be forbidden to do another stroke of work till six the next morning. It is obvious that domestic duties must be continued (not "full steam ahead" and uninterruptedly, but more or less) all through the waking hours. Long hours on duty, therefore, servants must have, and that will always count as an objection to many girls; what they feel is not so much the time actually spent at work as the isolation involved, the lack of the companionship of their equals. This is felt, of course, particularly by the class called "generals," the single-handed servants, who have not even one fellow servant to talk things over with; and it

is precisely these who are most difficult to get. Those of us who are sensible, therefore, will give our maids as frequent opportunities for going out as possible, and even allow a limited quantity of kitchen visiting, though this latter privilege is, alas! very apt to be abused, and the mistress must keep a hand on it unless she knows the servant and her family well. But we all want the society of our equals; and our servants want, not *our* society or



AN EVENING DRESS.

our condescending inquiries into their affairs, but the society of their equals.

I feel certain, however, that the root of the trouble lies in the fact that we have no provision for training servants. It is quite an error to suppose, as is almost universally assumed, that domestic work is unskilled labour. A really competent, good servant, especially a fair cook, is the product of some natural ability and very considerable training. Now the training is not properly procurable anywhere. All that a girl can do is go out to "a place," utterly incompetent to fulfil its duties, and pick up her knowledge in the midst of the humiliations, vexations, and discouragements of one who tries to do what she has never been taught how to do. Some girls pass through this probation under older servants, and I think anybody who knows large households will bear me out in saying that the upper servants are often most unkind to their underlings, and neither show them consideration nor take any pains to teach them the arts and mysteries of their craft. Like Solness, the "Master Builder," the elderly cook "hears the younger generation knocking at the door," and is in no hurry to turn her kitchen-maid into her equal and rival. The majority of girls, however, go into small places, in poor middle-class homes, to begin with, where they are over-driven and not really taught. Since neither refined ways of housekeeping nor good cooking are practised, the girls are naturally not properly prepared to proceed to better things. If we want better servants, we must organise some means of training them. We must, perhaps, try to get a year's "housekeeping course" added to our Board School system. Forty cookery lessons of an hour each, which are now given by many Boards, are of some use, no doubt, but do not give a sufficiently thorough technical training. The girls need to practise cooking over and over again, and to be taught how to do cleaning, laying a table and making a bed really nicely, and all the rest of it, repeating the lesson again and again till they really know how to do it. Then they could go to work without incurring the mortifications and exacerbations of temper resulting from constant failure and continual reproof. If a reasonable opportunity were offered working girls to qualify for household work, I feel sure many would adopt it who are now driven to the more easily learned but worse paid and more undesirable factory and workshop labour.

A tablet to the memory of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been unveiled in the church in which she was baptised in 1808, Kelloe, in the county of Durham. It rather ineptly describes her as "A great poetess, a noble woman, a devoted wife." The third clause of this eulogy is surely out of place. Would anyone inscribe a poet's tomb "a great poet and a devoted husband"?

I have been asked to inspect the pattern-card of velveteens sent out by Messrs. Lewis, of Manchester. Though the prices are low, the shades are very beautiful and of wide range, and the texture and softness all that can be desired. It would be impossible to find a better material for an autumn dress or winter tea-gown.—F. F. M.



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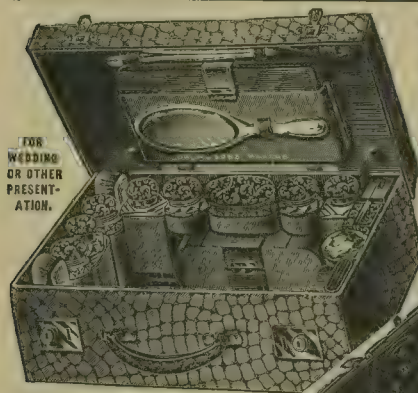
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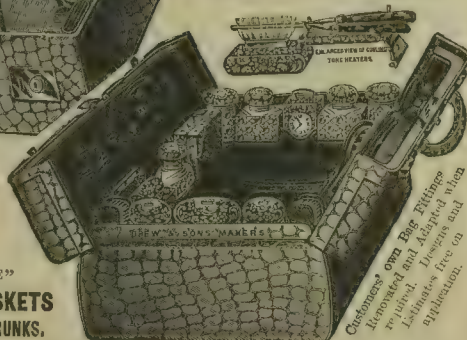
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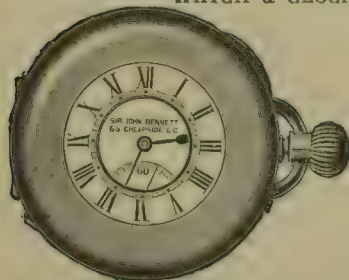
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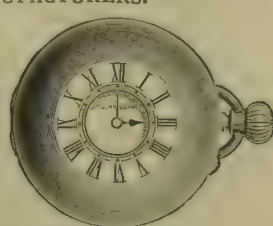


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BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Lady Glenesk is the distinguished wife of a most distinguished journalist, and it is quite within the fitness of things that she should beguile her social leisure with a spell at the craft in which her husband won such great distinction. Her doings in that respect are a delightful illustration of La Fontaine's "Chatte metamorphosée en Femme"—"printed proof" exercising in her case the irresistible fascination which the mice exercised in the case of the fabulist's transformed "pussy." But inasmuch as Lady Glenesk is not merely a frivolous leader of society, she aspired and almost contrived to make her contribution to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* pay a double debt, like Goldsmith's famous bedstead. Lady Glenesk aims at dispelling our scepticism with regard to centenarians, and the endeavour to dispel scepticism on no matter what subject is always entitled to praise. In the second place, and with a purpose more open to criticism, she evidently desires to inspire us with a wish to imitate those wonderful people who manage to prolong their earthly existence long beyond the span allotted by nature.

In order to imitate the mode of life of this or that person, one must be, if not thoroughly ground in his daily and hourly habits, at any rate be made superficially acquainted with them, and, unfortunately, for my readers, I have only seen extracts from Lady Glenesk's article. I

am, therefore, unable to state whether she has supplied either generalised or specified information in connection with the usual dietary, professions, extraction, and temperament of those centenarians. A courtier of Louis XIV., when asked by that monarch how he had managed to live to over ninety, replied that the feat had been accomplished by locking up his heart very tightly against the tender passion and by opening his wine-cellar very wide. I should be sorry, indeed, to judge any particular class either too harshly or too lightly, but actors of bygone times, although they may have opened their wine-cellar very wide, did certainly not close their hearts to the tender passion. If we are to believe the "memoirs" of some of the most eminent, they both loved and drank to their heart's content; yet Charles Macklin attempted the part of Shylock at the age of eighty-nine, and albeit that his memory failed him, physically he was fully capable, and he lived to be a centenarian.

There is even less doubt about the bibulous habits of "Peg" Fryer, a wonderful old actress of Charles the Second's time; for, to begin with, there were no teetotallers in the Merry Monarch's days. If there had been, even in small numbers, the world would not have made such a fuss over Waller, the poet, who with Fagon, Louis the Fourteenth's doctor, shared the distinction of never having touched fermented liquors of any kind. "Peg" Fryer had, moreover, a public-house of her own, and was famous for her love adventures. After being absent from the

stage for half a century, she made her reappearance at Drury Lane in Charles Molloy's "Half-Pay Officer" when she was eighty-five. The character in the farce was supposed to be a very old woman, and Mrs. Fryer exerted herself to the utmost. The farce being ended, she was led on the stage once more to dance a jig. Apparently, she was not equal to the task, for she tottered considerably, but no sooner did her ears catch the sound of the music than she footed it as nimbly as a girl of twenty. This was in 1720, and my notes on the subject, gathered from various sources, state that she lived until 1747, when she died, at her "public house" in Tottenham Court Road, at the reputed age of 117.

Not far from there, according to another authority—i.e., in Hanway Street—there lived in 1808 a Mrs. Elizabeth Alexander, aged 106, of whom, in that year, a portrait was published, inscribed with the words, "Supposed to be the oldest woman in England." There was still another centenarian in the same street, a woman named Patience Flint, who kept a toy-shop, and the plate on whose coffin recorded the age of 109. Hard by, in St. Giles's Churchyard, there was, and may be still, a stone setting forth that Eleanor Stewart, who lay beneath it, lived to the age of 123 and five months, and was—we do not wonder at it—the oldest resident in the parish. Adjoining the Chelsea Hospital there is a burial-ground where lie at least four supposedly genuine centenarians, all of whom were old soldiers. The registers of burial of the church close to which

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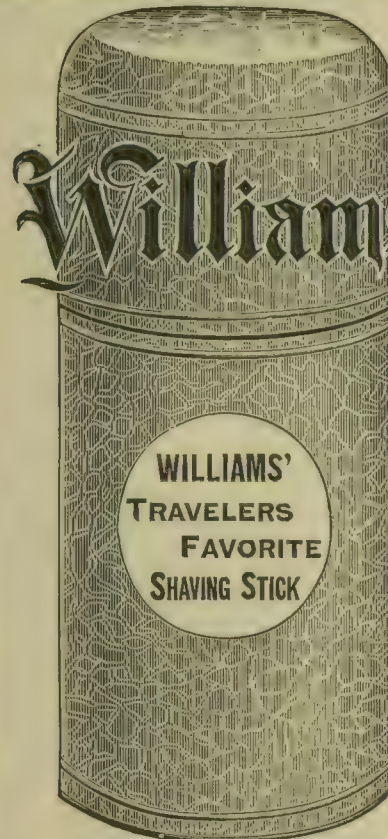


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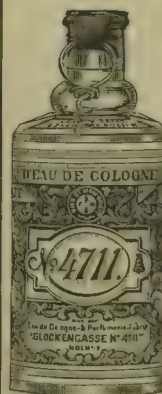
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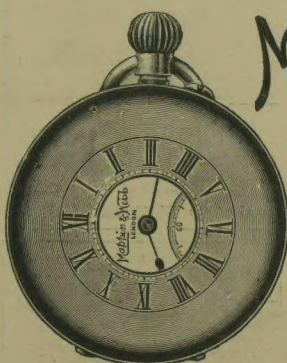
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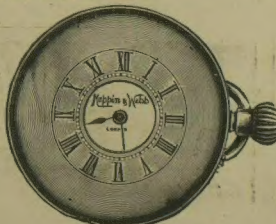
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the Rev. J. B. Medley, Chaplain at Tyntesfield, Arthur
Campbell, eldest son of the Rev. W. Arthur and the Hon.
Mrs. Duckworth of Orchardleigh, Frome, Somerset,
Lieutenant Scots Greys to Viola Emily Augusta Margaret,
only daughter of Colonel Herbert Davies-Evans, Lord-
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A NIGHT IN VENICE. By M. P. Shiel.
ELOTOA. By Charles Edwards.
SOME SPIES. By Andrew Lang.
A GENTLE ADVISER. By E. V. Lucas.
PAGES FROM A PRIVATE DIARY.
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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will make a short stay with the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey in the late autumn.

The King of Siam has been at large among the jewellers in Bond Street. Bond Street is said to contain stocks of greater value in its shops than are to be found in any other single street in London, and this, of course, largely because it is the street of the jewellers. The boundaries by which certain trades are confined to certain localities have shown a general widening-out during recent years. Publishers, for instance, have shown a tendency to go westwards in the wake of Mr. Murray. The same has been the case with the jewellers, who now overrun into Piccadilly and Regent Street, for instance. Still, Bond Street retains its old and dominating reputation; and every

novelist, like Lord Beaconsfield, must see to it that the hero buys the bride's jewels there. So, too, the foreign potentate, like the King of Siam, if bent on jewel-buying, will make his way to the narrow street which contains so many thousands of the precious stones which "the gorgeous East" has sent into our markets. Of late years the gorgeous East has done double duty, for it has sent to Bond Street many customers too.

Telegrams by the hundred, including one from the Queen and another from the Prince of Wales, have reached Spencer House this week, where the Duchess of Marlborough last Saturday presented her husband with a son and heir. If the typical Duke of the future is to be half English and half American, as seems likely enough, at least he will have a value in politics as a link between two countries more dependent on each other's friendship than

are any others. Even the name of Marlborough will get a pacific significance, all its warlike antecedents notwithstanding.

A great-great-granddaughter of Sir Walter Scott was married on Tuesday afternoon at the Roman Catholic Church at Wimbledon. This was Miss Mary Josephine Maxwell Scott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, of Abbot's Ford, now the wife of Mr. Alexander Dalglish, whose mother lives at Lulworth Castle, the seat of the Weld family, and was recently married, for the second time, and thus became Mrs. Bellasis. The Duke of Norfolk has put Arundel Castle at their disposal for the honeymoon.

Professor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is at least half British in his descent, so that Italy cannot claim the whole birthright of the brilliant young scientist. Professor Marconi's mother was a Jameson.

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Not merely Shower Proof, but
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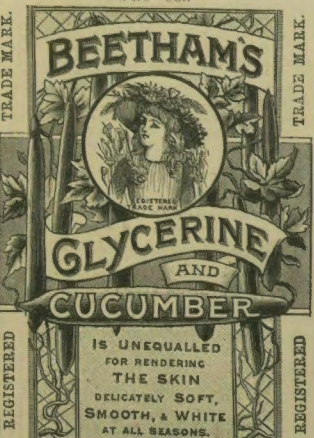
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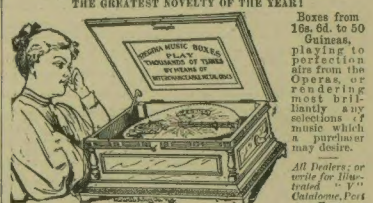
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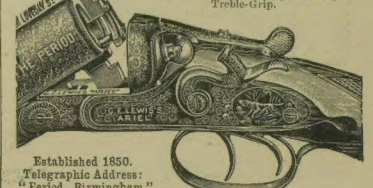
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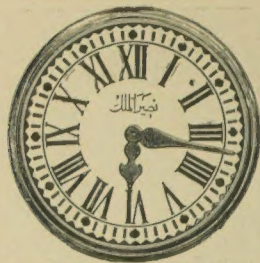
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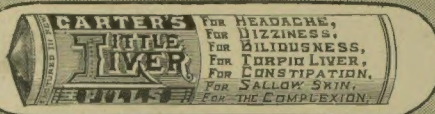
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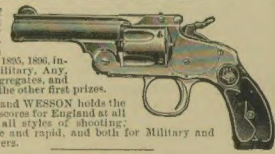
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"Presented by Messrs. Robertson,
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Opening Ceremony of the Irish
Textile Exhibition, the inception
and completion of which was en-
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Her Excellency in the development
of Irish Industries."The Casket contained beautiful
specimens of the Irish Cambric Hand-
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Robertson, Ledlie, Ferguson, and Co.,
delicately embroidered with Her
Excellency's Arms and Monogram.FLORA
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2	Miss Austin, Holmesdale, Higher Broughton, Manchester.	3.
3	John Duval, 3, Upper Street, Islington, N.	3.
4	G. J. Dennis, Constitutional Club, Windsor.	4.
5	Clara Ewen Smith, 13, South Street, Worthing.	3.
6	Mary H. Niven, 205, Newport Road, Cardiff.	3.
7	James Belshaw, Angel Hotel, Maclesfield.	3.
8	F. B. Jones, 30, Maitland Park Road, N.W.	3.
9	Mrs. Budman, 4, Park Road, Clivedon, Somerset.	3.
10	Edwin Dodd, Ruxley, Fooks Cray, Kent.	3.
11	F. E. Hunt, 25, Leopold Street, Derby.	3.
12	C. S. Turnbull, 63, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.	3.
13	Miss J. S. Leith, Gledale, West Norwood.	4.
14	J. F. Neal, South Holme, Weybridge.	5.
15	W. Taylor, St. Michael's Club, Sandhurst, Berks.	4.
16	C. S. Turnbull, 63, Tierney Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.	3.
17	Captain A. Aytoun, Stirling Castle, Stirling, N.B.	3.
18	E. F. Metcalfe, Cotenand Hall, Preston, Lancs.	4.
19	Arthur Morgan, Mount Pleasant, Wych Lane, Worcester.	4.
20	Florence Steinjean, 6, Gairloch Road, Camberwell, S.E.	4.
21	Sarah A. Horner, 24, Bondgate, Ripon, Yorks.	4.
22	Miss E. C. Nichol, Harewood, Kingston Vale, Putney, S.W.	4.
23	James Stewart, 87, High Street, Dalkeith, N.B.	6.
24	Miss R. Napier, Ashway, Dalverton, Somerset.	4.
25	Mrs. I. Hughes, 65, Holland Park, W.	4.
26	George Watson, Griffiths Row, Newport, Mon.	4.
27	Edith M. Laker, 11, Friars Stile Road, Richmond, S.W.	4.
28	J. Evans, The Cottage, Aigburth, Liverpool.	4.
29	J. Armstrong, 18, Bella Isle Street, Worthington.	3.
30	W. O. Metcalfe, Cotenand Hall, Preston, Lancs.	3.
31	A. T. Ward, Cripplegate House, Golden Lane, E.C.	3.
32	Clement Rutter, Cogan, Charlwood, Surrey.	4.
33	Commander Devereux, R.N., C.T.S., "Empress," Helensburgh, N.B.	4.
34	Mrs. North, Barton-on-Humber.	3.
35	Ida Barker, Road House, Widdowme Hill, Bath.	3.
36	Mrs. A. Hepburn, 21, Lingfield Road, Wimbledon.	6.
37	I. McIntyre Masson, Kinross, Northfield Road, Stamford Hill, N.	3.
38	K. Dampier, 21, Telham Place, South Kensington.	3.
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40	Agnes M. Low Balmakewan, Marykirk, Kincardineshire, N.B.	4.
41	F. Brown, Charlton House, Portbury, Bristol.	4.
42	Alexander Macbeth, 232, St. George's Road, Glasgow.	3.
43	G. W. Stetson, 23, Budge Row, E.C.	3.
44	Miss Maude Robertson, Maryville, Gourcock, N.B.	4.
45	Arthur King, 7, Worsley Road, Hampstead, N.W.	4.
46	S. W. Knight, 21, Paternoster Square, E.C.	4.
47	G. Harplewood, 48, Blenheim Road, Hove, Brighton.	4.
48	Miss A. Chapman, Long Hill, Buxton.	3.
49	Mabel Mary Forse, Englefield Green, Surrey.	4.
50	William J. Faulkner, 89, Zetland Street, Southport.	6.

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TWENTY-FIRST DISTRIBUTION

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